

SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL

KELLY
McGUINNESS



*"Trust me:
It'll have you
hook, line
and sinker."*
-BigComicPage.com

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC

MARVEL



**ISN'T IT
BROMANTIC?**



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO!
The **AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN**

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO. AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL

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ED McGUINNESS
Penciler

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SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL.

JOE KELLY
ED McGUINNESS
MARK MORALES
JASON KEITH

#1



MARVEL

PLUS
A SPECIAL
BONUS BOOK:
THE VISION
#1
INCLUDED!

--I'M JUST SAYING, IT WAS A REALLY CONVINCING LEVITATING KITTEN. IF YOU SAW IT, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE, "DAMN. THAT'S THE MOST SINCERE AND LOVABLE FLOATING CAT HEAD I'VE EVER HAD A CHAT WITH."

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY I WAS, LIKE, 85% SOBER--

DEADPOOL.

YES, SPIDER-MAN?

TAKE ALL OF THOSE... "WORDS" SWIRLING INSIDE THE TOXIC WASTE VAT YOU CALL YOUR BRAIN AND SUFFOCATE THEM. EVERY LAST SYLLABLE.

KILL YOUR WORDS AND JUST. SHUT. UP!

BUT--

SHUTUP
SHUTUPSHUTUP
SHUTUP!

I GET IT. YOU NEED A LITTLE SPIDEY TIME. S'COOL...

...BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU ONE LAST THING THAT IS, IN MY HUMBLE OPINION, THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU NEED TO KNOW IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE RIGHT AT THIS SECOND...



IF YOU DON'T STOP SQUIRMING, I AM TOTALLY GOING TO "UNSHEATHE MY KATANA" ALL UP AGAINST YOUR "SPIDER EGGS."

AND BY "KATANA" I MEAN--

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

WHAT?! I'M A RED-BLOODED CANADIAN MALE! IT'S FRICTION AND JUNK-BIOLOGY AND SPANDEX GRINDING ON LEATHER AND JUST PLEASE STOP WIGGLING YOUR WEBBING--

WOULD YOU JUST SHUT UP SO I CAN THINK!

DON'T YELL AT ME... THAT'S TOTALLY ONE OF MY TURN-ONS.



HUMAN INSECTS...
THE AUDACITY. THAT
YOU WOULD COME TO
THE BURNING PLANES
OF DORMAMMU ON
THE EYE OF MY
ASCENSION...

WHAT DID
YOU HOPE TO
ACCOMPLISH? WHEN
THE BLOOD MOON
RISES, I SHALL--

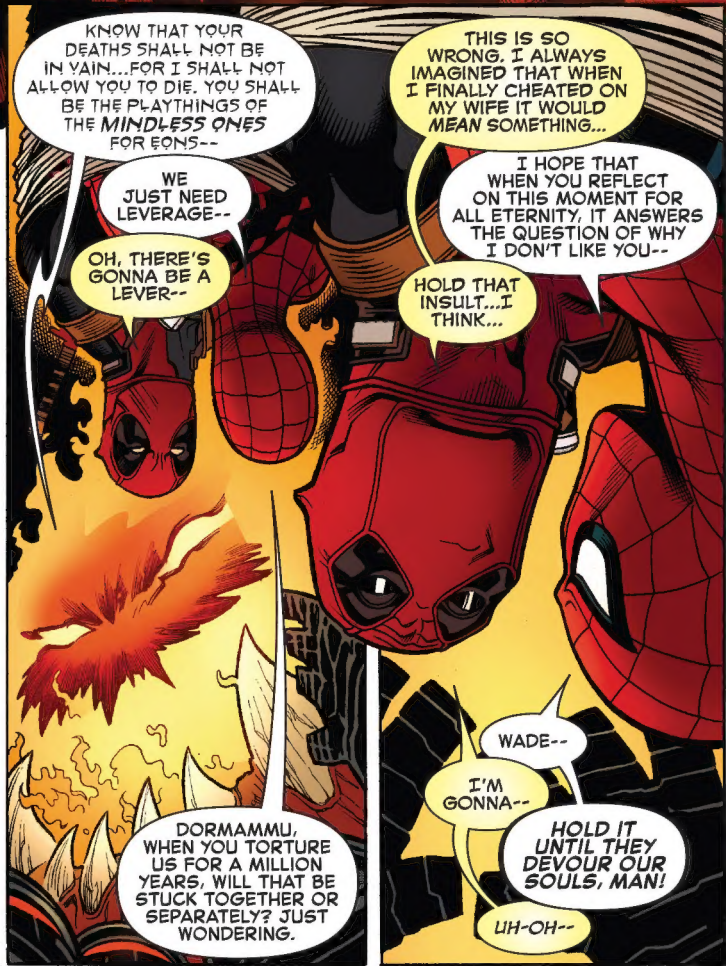


OOH/VILLAIN
MONOLOGUING. EXCELLENT
STOPPING POWER. BETTER
THAN REMEMBERING WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO SPONGE-
BATHE M.O.D.O.K.--

PLEASE SPILL
EVERYTHING ABOUT
YOUR PLANS FOR INTER-
DIMENSIONAL DOMINATION
RIGHT NOW--!

WHEN THE
MERC BIZ IS
SLOW, YOU--
DON'T JUDGE
ME!

WAIT--WHEN
DID YOU GIVE
M.O.D.O.K. A
SPONGE BATH?



KNOW THAT YOUR
DEATHS SHALL NOT BE
IN VAIN...FOR I SHALL NOT
ALLOW YOU TO DIE. YOU SHALL
BE THE PLAYTHINGS OF
THE MINDLESS ONES
FOR EONS--

WE
JUST NEED
LEVERAGE--

OH, THERE'S
GONNA BE A
LEVER--

THIS IS SO
WRONG. I ALWAYS
IMAGINED THAT WHEN
I FINALLY CHEATED ON
MY WIFE IT WOULD
MEAN SOMETHING...

I HOPE THAT
WHEN YOU REFLECT
ON THIS MOMENT FOR
ALL ETERNITY, IT ANSWERS
THE QUESTION OF WHY
I DON'T LIKE YOU--

HOLD THAT
INSULT...I
THINK...

WADE--

I'M
GONNA--

HOLD IT
UNTIL THEY
DEVOUR OUR
SOULS, MAN!

UH-OH--

DORMAMMU,
WHEN YOU TORTURE
US FOR A MILLION
YEARS, WILL THAT BE
STUCK TOGETHER OR
SEPARATELY? JUST
WONDERING.

SWEET MOTHER OF LEVERAGE, THAT IS THE MOST PAINFUL THING!!!

POP

GOOD GOD...WAS THAT YOUR HIP?

HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

S'EASY...ONCE YOU GET OVER THE FEAR...AND THE TENDONS AN' MUSCLES...AND PHYSICS...

DO ME A FAVE? CUT US FREE BEFORE I PASS OUT... 'CAUSE THEN I REALLY WILL WET MYSELF, WITH PEE.

'A' FOR EFFORT, BUT NEITHER OF US IS GETTING A HAPPY ENDING FROM THIS PLAN. A SWORD CAN'T CUT THROUGH MY--

GET OUT!
YOU HAVE ACCESS TO NANO-CERAMIC FIBER COMPOSITE MATERIALS?!?

I JUST DISTRACTED A DEMON-KING BY FAKING AN ERECTION SO I COULD DISLOCATE MY OWN HIP...

BUT COOL, I BOUGHT A SHARP SCIENCE THING.

YOU GO WITH YOUR PEOPLE SKILLS, NERD.

DON'T START WITH ME ABOUT PEOPLE SKILLS, KIDNAPPY-MCGRABBY HANDS!

YOU BROUGHT ME TO HELL! LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY!



YOU SPEND
A LOT OF TIME
LIVING IN THE
PAST...

BUT GOOD
JOB ON CORRECTLY
USING "LITERALLY,"
UNLIKE MOST
PEOPLE...

I'M GONNA
TAKE A LITTLE
PAIN-NAPPY
NOW.

OH, NO! YOU
DON'T GET TO PASS
OUT WHILE I SPEND
MY LAST SECONDS
ALIVE IN MORTAL
TERROR--!

AAAAGH!
BY ODIN'S
MERKIN!

YOU
INFINITESIMAL
SPECKS TRULY HAVE
ME CONFOUNDED...
ESPECIALLY THE
SPIDER.

THERE WAS A
TIME WHEN BEING
"SPIDER-MAN" MEANT
SOMETHING. QUITE
FRANKLY, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU'RE SLUMMING
WITH...THAT.

DO YOU
WANT TO DO THE
FLASHBACK OR
SHOULD I?

HEY,
MY HIP'S
BACK IN. NICE
MOVE, SPIRO-
PRACTOR.

YOUR
PAIN IS OUR
GAIN.

NORTH RIVER WASTEWATER TREATMENT PLANT

FAR BE IT FROM
ME TO CRITICIZE,
HYDRO-MAN, BUT FROM
LOCATION TO EXECUTION,
EVERYTHING ABOUT
YOUR PLAN
STINKS.

SORRY, I
KNOW IT'S LOW-
HANGING FRUIT,
BUT WHY TRY WHEN
YOU'RE NOT EVEN
LISTENING?

WEB-SHOOTERS,
CARTRIDGE FOUR.

ANY THOUGHTS
YOU'RE HAVING
WHILE VIBRATING AT A
GAJILLION MEGAHERTZ
WILL NOT INCLUDE
"SPIDEY CRAPPED OUT
THAT LAST PUN."

AND AGAIN,
SORRY, BATHROOM
HUMOR IS HARD
TO RESIST--

MY
DIRTY THOUGHTS
EXACTLY!

NO.

JUST...
NO.

IS THAT ANY
WAY TO GREET A
FELLOW AVENGER--?
OOOH, SORRY, COMPLETELY
FORGOT YOU QUIT THE
GREATEST TEAM
OF BADASSES
OF ALL TIME.

GLAD TO SEE
YOU'RE KEEPING
BUSY PLAYING
HERO.

YOU WON'T
UNDERSTAND THIS,
BUT I'M IN THE MIDDLE
OF HELPING SOMEONE
OTHER THAN MYSELF.
SO IF YOU DON'T
MIND--

YEAH.
HYDRO-MAN.
WOW.

IT'S LIKE YOU
CURED CANCER OR
GOT KANYE TO STOP
SINGING. TOTES
AMAY-MAY.

LET ME SHOW
YOU SOMETHING
THAT'S VERIFIED
COOL....



MY THERAPIST AND PEOPLE I'VE PUT IN THE HOSPITAL HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE "MORAL CONTRACT" THAT SOCIETY IS BUILT ON OR WHATEVER--

IT'S LIKE THAT FACE CHART THEY GIVE AUTISTIC KIDS, BUT THE OPPOSITE. SO, LIKE, RIGHT NOW...SHOULD I HELP YOU WITH YOUR LITTLE SITUATION?

I SWEAR, IF ONE DROP OF THIS IDIOT GETS AWAY BEFORE S.H.I.E.L.D. ARRIVES--

THERE IS NO SITUATION. SO WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, JUST DON'T FOR, LIKE, THREE MINUTES-- PLEASE!

GIVE THE MORAL COMPASS A L'I'L SPIN--
CANCEL! CANCEL!

CHAOTIC NEUTRAL! MY FAVORITE! I GET TO DO WHATEVER I THINK IS BEST.

HUGS MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER! UNLESS YOU HAVE GLASS BONE DISEASE.

YOU'RE SERIOUSLY MESSING WITH ME FOR A HUG?

AND A BAMP.

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

CHAOTIC NE

A WHA--?

UH...
OKAY, SO...MOVING ON...

HGGGH
BRRBLE HFFF
I EVER GET MY HANDS ON--

BAMP

A full-page comic book illustration depicting a chaotic battle scene. Spider-Man is in the center, suspended in the air by his webbing, which is attached to several large, severed hands reaching out from the background. He has a determined expression. Below him, Deadpool is shown from the waist up, holding a handgun that is firing a bright yellow energy blast. He has a confident, slightly mischievous grin. In the bottom left corner, a purple, tentacle-like creature is shown holding two human brains. In the bottom right corner, a character with a skull-like face is shown holding a brain. The background is filled with fire, smoke, and other figures in the background, creating a sense of a large-scale conflict.

YOU WERE JERKING
AROUND WITH HYDRO-MAN
AND I SWOOP IN LIKE AN
ETHNICALLY DIVERSE KNIGHT
AND PLOP YOU RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF AN AVENGERS-
LEVEL BATTLE FOR THE FATE
OF THE WORLD!

IF IT WAS
"AVENGERS LEVEL"
THERE WOULD BE
AVENGERS HERE!
NOT YOU!

DID
YOU EVEN
CALL DOCTOR
STRANGE? IS
THERE A
PLAN?

YOU
THINK TOO
MUCH!

IT'S MAKING
MY BRAINS
HURT!

WHY ARE
THOSE IN YOUR
POCKETS?

THIS IS MY
PLAN. AND I WAS
AT THE MORGUE
ANYWAY.

BEHOLD!
I GIVE YOU--

THE MINDFUL
ONES!!!

UM...SO...WE WERE...FIGHTING, I GUESS? FOR SOME REASON? BECAUSE--?

NO. IT DOES NOT WORK LIKE THAT.

I KNOW, RIGHT? ARE WE EVEN GETTING PAID FOR THIS SOUL CRUSHING?

NO. NO. NO.

EVERYTHING IS SO WRONG WITH THIS.

COVER ME, SPIDE-KICK!

YOU GET A BRAIN! YOU GET A BRAIN! YOU GET A--WAIT, THAT'S A GRENADE, SORRY--

YOU GET TWO BRAINS!

MINDLESS ONES! I COMMAND YOU TO FLAY THE SKIN FROM--

WHERE WAS "FLAYING" IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION?

HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PERFORM AT MY FULL POTENTIAL WITHOUT SOME ENCOURAGEMENT? A SIMPLE THANK YOU WOULD SUFFICE... OR A RAISE.

THAT GUY'S HEAD JUST EXPLODED AND I BET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME.

IT WAS CARL. CARL!

BOOM! WE OVERTHREW HELL WITH THE DISCARDED BRAINS OF ENTITLED MILLENNIALS!

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU GOT THE JOB!

THIS IS NOT HOW ANY OF THIS WORKS. SERIOUSLY. THIS IS NONSENSE.

JOB INTERVIEW?

I DROWNED. THAT'S IT. I DROWNED IN HYDRO-MAN AND THIS IS ALL IN MY--

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO HIRE EVERY MOOK IN A PAIR OF TIGHTS WHO NEEDS A GIG, DO YOU?

EVERY SHOW ON BROADWAY WOULD CLOSE--

BAMF US OUT OF HERE. NOW.

YOU DID A GOOD THING! EVERY TIME DORMAMMU WINS, A NEW YORK REAL ESTATE MAGNATE GETS ITS WINGS--

WADE!



NEVER! NOT
IN ANY REALITY!
NOT IN ANY UNIVERSE
WOULD I WORK
FOR YOU!

WE
HAVE GREAT
DENTAL--

YOU'RE
INSANE! YOU'RE
A TOTAL DIRTBAG! I
QUIT THE AVENGERS
BECAUSE OF
YOU!

I NEVER
PEGGED YOU FOR
JEALOUS. I HAVE A
GREAT SELF-HELP BOOK
THAT'LL UNBLOCK
YOUR SELF-HATING
EGO--



SHOVE
IT UP
YOUR--

ASPHALT

I SUGGEST
STARTING WITH
THE ANGER
CHAPTER.

WEBS...I
KNOW YOU'RE ALL
TWISTED ABOUT
THE AVENGERS THING,
SO I'M TRYING TO
MAKE GOOD.

I'VE FRANCHISED
MYSELF OUT. LIKE
MCMERCENARY. DEAD
KING. I MAKE
SERIOUSLY MAD
BANK.

SO SINCE IT
PROBABLY SUCKS
WORKING FOR THAT TOOL
PETER PARKER AND YOU
ALREADY TOTALLY STOLE
MY COSTUME DESIGN
ANYWAY, MAYBE
WE COULD TALK
BUSINESS--

I HAD THIS
COSTUME WAY
BEFORE--

WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
PETER PARKER
IS A TOOL?



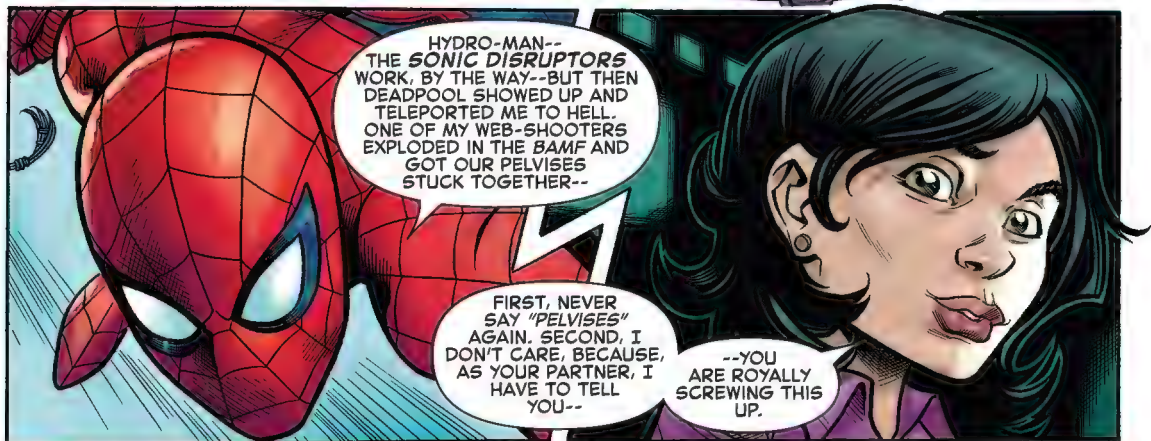


SAID YOU WERE BUSY EXTRACTING EBOLA PATIENTS FROM SIERRA LEONE.

REALLY? THAT'S SORT OF A STRETCH--

REALLY, BECAUSE PARKER INDUSTRIES IS EXTRACTING PATIENTS FOR TREATMENT IN A CONTAINED FACILITY.

WHICH YOU WOULD KNOW, IF YOU READ ANY MEMO EVER. WHO WAS IT THIS TIME?



HYDRO-MAN-- THE SONIC DISRUPTORS WORK, BY THE WAY--BUT THEN DEADPOOL SHOWED UP AND TELEPORTED ME TO HELL. ONE OF MY WEB-SHOOTERS EXPLODED IN THE BAMF AND GOT OUR PELVISES STUCK TOGETHER--

FIRST, NEVER SAY "PELVISES" AGAIN. SECOND, I DON'T CARE, BECAUSE, AS YOUR PARTNER, I HAVE TO TELL YOU--

--YOU ARE ROYALLY SCREWING THIS UP.



YOU PROMISED ME THAT YOU WERE DEDICATED TO BUILDING PARKER INDUSTRIES INTO A TRUE FORCE FOR GOOD INDUSTRIES.

FIGHTING BAD GUYS IN HELL IS NOT WHAT A CEO DOES. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHOOSE, PETER...AND SOON.

I KNOW, BUT...I CAN'T JUST STOP BEING SPIDER-MAN...

CAN I--



OKAY, BYE-BYE, MISTER COMMANDANT PARKER, SIR! SPIDEY HAS TO GO--

COME ON, WADE. I SAID NO AND I'M SERIOUSLY NOT IN THE MOOD--



YOUR HAND. DID I DO THAT? I REGRET NOTHING.

PLEASE! I'VE DONE WORSE TO MYSELF WHEN SKINEMAX IS ON! I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW SOMETHING...



IT'S PROBABLY NOT AS IMPORTANT AS FETCHING COFFEE FOR PARKER, BUT...

...THAT WATER-DORK YOU LET ESCAPE KINDA LEVELED UP.

OH, NO.

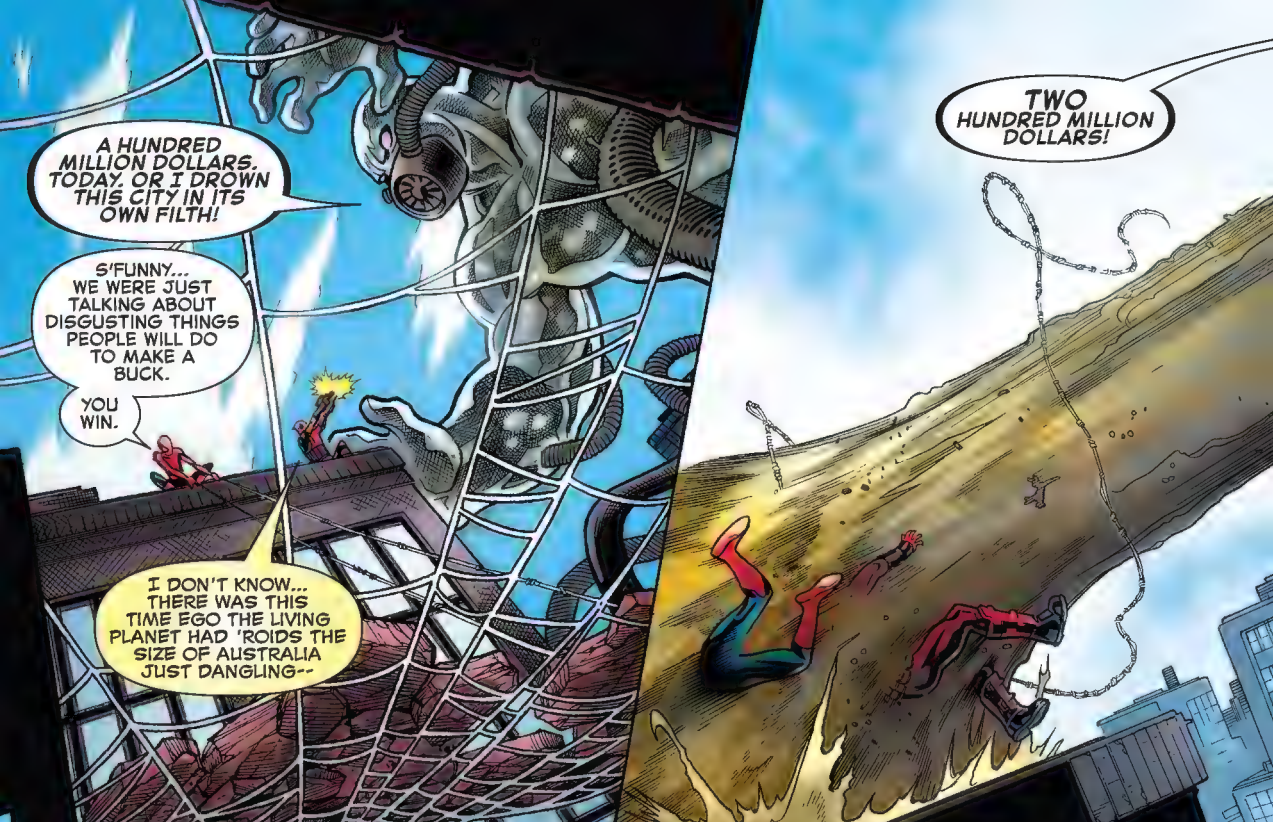


WHATEVER
YOUR PLAN WAS
WITH THIS GUY,
IT REALLY
STINKS--

I ALREADY
RAN THAT
JOKE!

A HUNDRED-
FOOT-TALL MANIAC
MADE OF SEWAGE
IS NO JOKE,
WEBS...

HILARIOUS,
BECAUSE YOU
CAN ACTUALLY SEE
THE CORN SWIRLING
AROUND HIS
INNARDS...BUT
NO JOKE.



A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. TODAY. OR I DROWN THIS CITY IN ITS OWN FILTH!

S'FUNNY... WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT DISGUSTING THINGS PEOPLE WILL DO TO MAKE A BUCK.

YOU WIN.

I DON'T KNOW... THERE WAS THIS TIME EGO THE LIVING PLANET HAD 'ROIDES THE SIZE OF AUSTRALIA JUST DANGLING--

TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

THERE ARE THINGS...UP MY NOSTRILS...AND IN MY MOUTH...

...THAT WILL GIVE ME NIGHTMARES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

SORRY TO BE THAT GUY, BUT... YOU HALF-ASSED THE JOB AND UNLEASHED A WALKING TOILET ON NEW YORK CITY. OWN IT. MOVE ON.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, YOU CAN PEE OR EVEN POO YOURSELF AND NO ONE WOULD NOTICE. OWN THAT, TOO.

DO YOU HAVE INCENDIARY GRENADES?

BUT OF COURSE. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GREY POUPON?

INDUBITABLY.

BUT YOU MISSED A POOP JOKE WITH THE GREY POUPON.

OFF THE SUBJECT, HOW GOOD IS YOUR HEALING FACTOR ANYWAY?

IT'S AWESOME!
MAKES WOLVERINE
LOOK LIKE A
HEMOPHILIAC.

I MEAN, THIS
ARM IS ALMOST
GROWN BACK AND
IT WAS BAMFED
LIKE--

WAIT.
WHY DO
YOU SUDDENLY
CARE?

BECAUSE
UNLIKE YOU, I'M
NOT A KILLER,
"AVENGER."

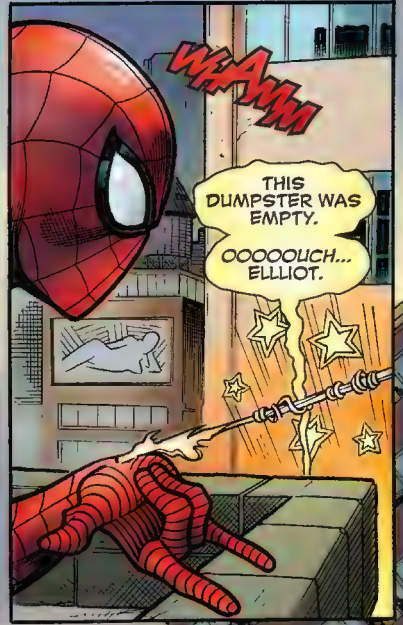
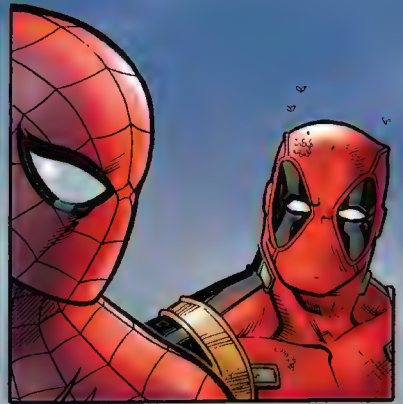
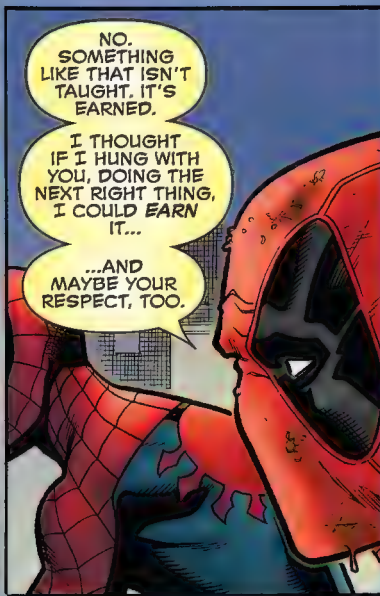
I WANT
TO KEEP IT
THAT WAY!

THIS IS NOT
A GOOD WAY TO
START A BUSINESS
RELATIONSHIP!

I'M GONNA
GET YOU THAT
MORALITY APP,
YOU WEBBED
SON OF A--

SPATCH







WE AGREED
IT WOULD BE A
HUNDRED.

YEAH, WELL,
IT DIDN'T WORK
SO YOU SUCK
AND I'M GIVING
YOU HALF.

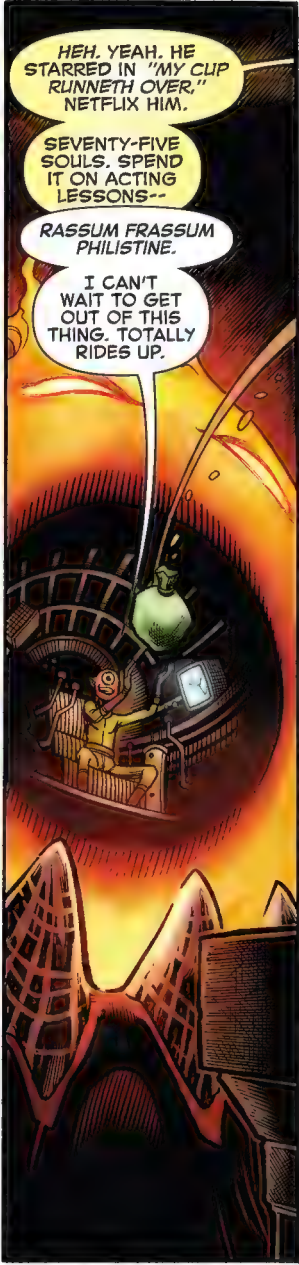


"I SUCK"?!
SIR, I WILL HAVE
YOU KNOW THAT I
TRAINED AT
THEBES!

I WORKED WITH
THE TRUE GIANTS
OF THE DRAMATIS
PERSONAE!
ARISTOPHANES!
EUMENIDES!
PLATO!

DID YOU
HANG WITH
TEST-A-CLEES?
HE WAS A REAL
SWINGER.

I DO NOT
KNOW THIS...
TEST-A-CLEES?
METHOD
ASTOR?

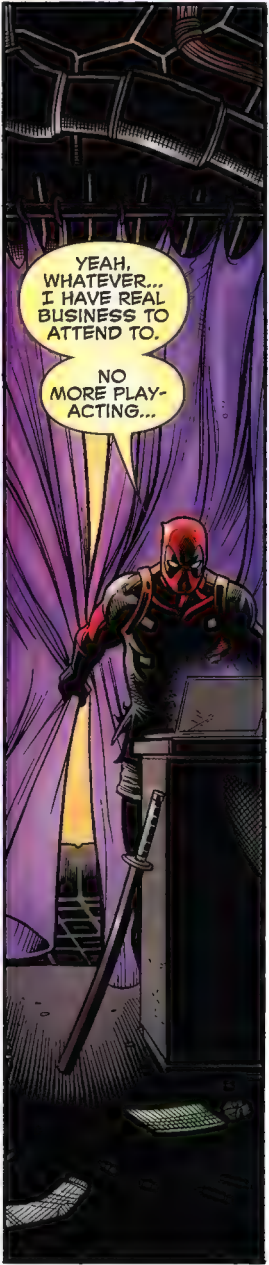


HEH. YEAH. HE
STARRED IN "MY CLIP
RUNNETH OVER,"
NETFLIX HIM.

SEVENTY-FIVE
SOULS. SPEND
IT ON ACTING
LESSONS--

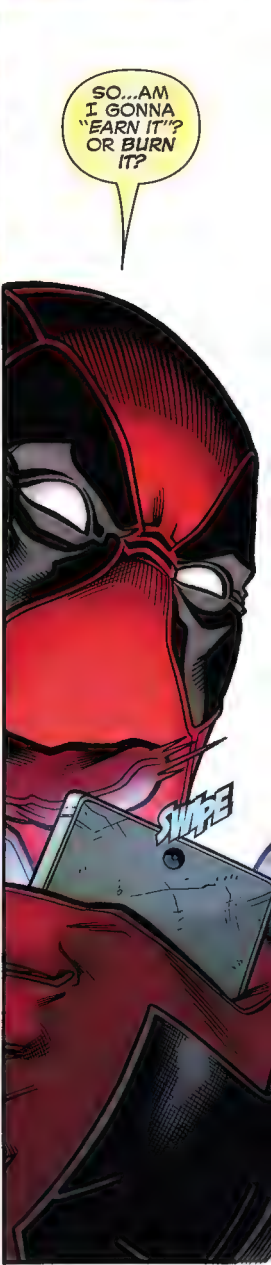
RASSUM FRASSUM
PHILISTINE.

I CAN'T
WAIT TO GET
OUT OF THIS
THING. TOTALLY
RIDES UP.



YEAH,
WHATEVER...
I HAVE REAL
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO.

NO
MORE PLAY-
ACTING...



SO...AM
I GONNA
"EARN IT"?
OR BURN
IT?

AND, THE
UNIVERSE HAS
SPOKEN.

~SIGH~

WALKING
THE HIGH PATH
IS REALLY *\$#%&
COMPLICATED.



TARGET: PETER PARKER,
CEO PARKER INDUSTRIES.
FEE: 100M.



I GOTTA
KILL THE
LIVING CRAP
OUT OF PETER
PARKER.

IT'S THE
HEROIC THING
TO DO.

I REALLY HOPE
THAT SPIDER-MAN
AND I CAN STILL BE
BUDS AFTER I
GAKK HIS BOSS.

BOOM.

END OF ISSUE #1

MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...



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The **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**

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DEADPOOL

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

PART
one

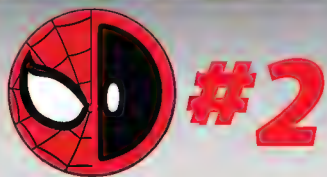
JOE KELLY WRITER • **ED McGUINNESS** PENCILER • **MARK MORALES** INKER
JASON KEITH COLOR ARTIST • **VC'S JOE SABINO** LETTERER

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DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND **FABIAN NIECIEZA**

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DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



SPECIAL BONUS BOOK

"RIVETING. UNLIKE ANY SUPERHERO COMIC I HAVE EVER READ."

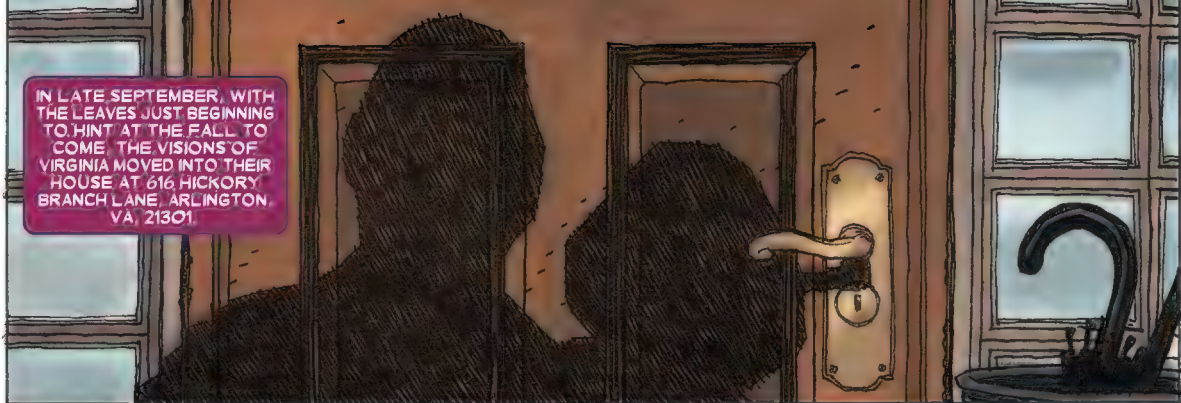
— BRETT WHITE, *COMIC BOOK RESOURCES*



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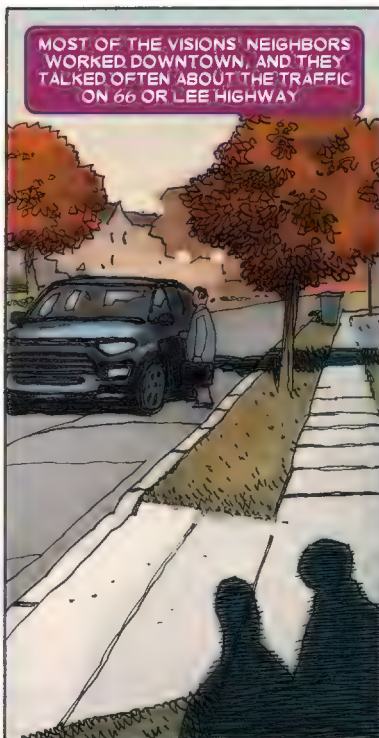
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IN LATE SEPTEMBER, WITH THE LEAVES JUST BEGINNING TO HINT AT THE FALL TO COME, THE VISIONS OF VIRGINIA MOVED INTO THEIR HOUSE AT 616 HICKORY BRANCH LANE, ARLINGTON, VA, 21301.



THE VISIONS' HOUSE WAS LOCATED IN CHERRYDALE, A PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD ABOUT 15 MILES WEST OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

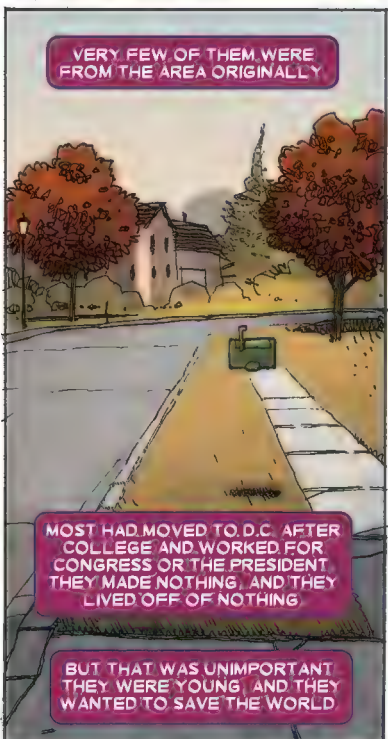


MOST OF THE VISIONS' NEIGHBORS WORKED DOWNTOWN, AND THEY TALKED OFTEN ABOUT THE TRAFFIC ON 66 OR LEE HIGHWAY.



ON THE WEEKENDS THEY TENDED TO STAY IN VIRGINIA, THOUGH THEY OFTEN LAMENTED THAT THEY SHOULD GO INTO THE CITY.

THE MUSEUMS ARE SO NICE, AND THE KIDS WOULD HAVE A GREAT TIME.



VERY FEW OF THEM WERE FROM THE AREA ORIGINALLY.

MOST HAD MOVED TO D.C. AFTER COLLEGE AND WORKED FOR CONGRESS OR THE PRESIDENT. THEY MADE NOTHING, AND THEY LIVED OFF OF NOTHING.

BUT THAT WAS UNIMPORTANT. THEY WERE YOUNG, AND THEY WANTED TO SAVE THE WORLD.



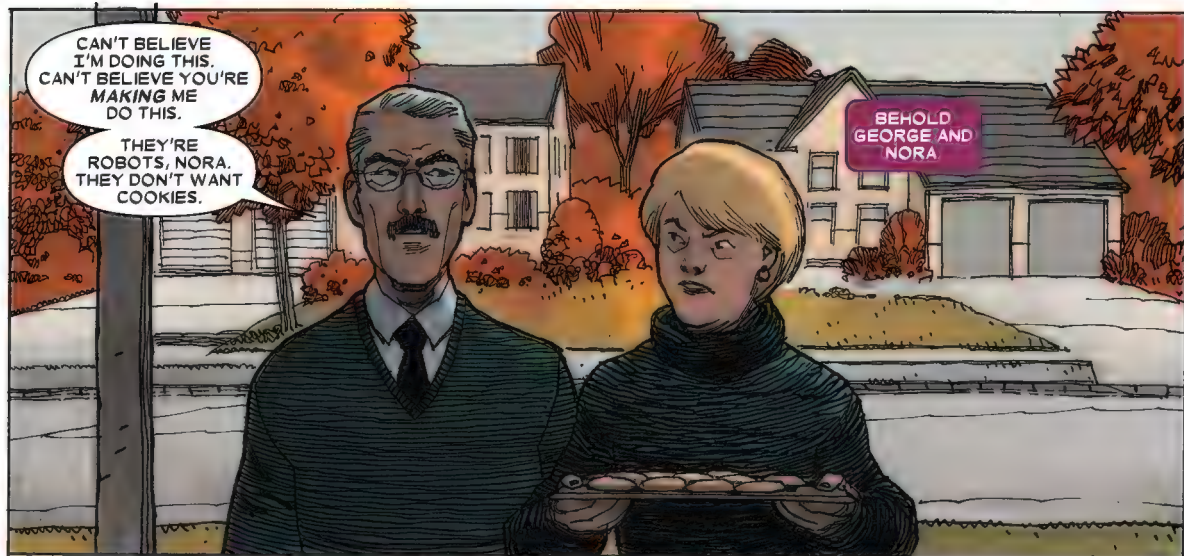
EVENTUALLY, THEY MET SOMEONE AND FELL IN LOVE AND HAD CHILDREN.

WITH BILLS TO PAY, THEY LEFT THEIR SMALL GOVERNMENT JOBS. THEY BECAME LOBBYISTS AND LAWYERS AND MANAGERS.

THEY MOVED OUT TO THE SUBURBS FOR THE SCHOOLS.



THEY MADE THE COMPROMISES THAT ARE NECESSARY TO RAISE A FAMILY.



CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS. CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE MAKING ME DO THIS.

THEY'RE ROBOTS, NORA. THEY DON'T WANT COOKIES.

BEHOLD GEORGE AND NORA

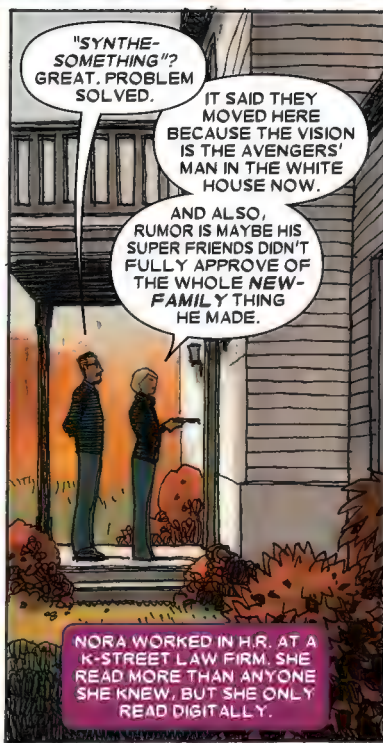


THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS. I WENT ONLINE.

THEY'RE SOMETHING ELSE. LIKE A SYNTHESOMETHING.

DING DONG

AT THAT TIME, GEORGE WORKED AS A MORTGAGE BROKER. HE ENJOYED HOT WINGS, BUT HE ALWAYS ORDERED THEM TOO SPICY FOR HIS OWN TASTE.

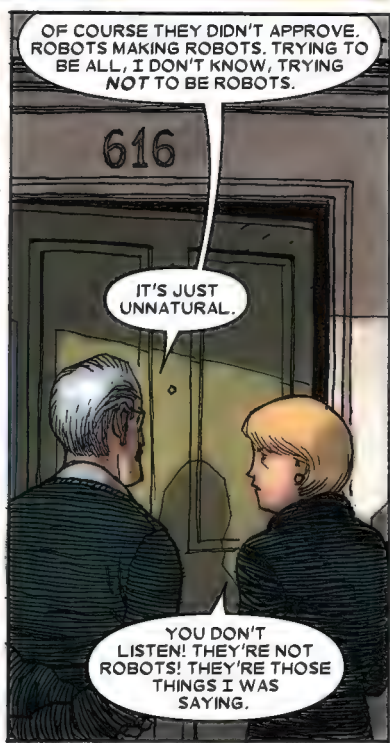


"SYNTHESOMETHING"? GREAT. PROBLEM SOLVED.

IT SAID THEY MOVED HERE BECAUSE THE VISION IS THE AVENGERS' MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

AND ALSO, RUMOR IS MAYBE HIS SUPER FRIENDS DIDN'T FULLY APPROVE OF THE WHOLE NEW-FAMILY THING HE MADE.

NORA WORKED IN H.R. AT A K-STREET LAW FIRM. SHE READ MORE THAN ANYONE SHE KNEW, BUT SHE ONLY READ DIGITALLY.



OF COURSE THEY DIDN'T APPROVE. ROBOTS MAKING ROBOTS. TRYING TO BE ALL, I DON'T KNOW, TRYING NOT TO BE ROBOTS.

616

IT'S JUST UNNATURAL.

YOU DON'T LISTEN! THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS! THEY'RE THOSE THINGS I WAS SAYING.



HONEY, I LOVE YOU, BUT THEY'RE TOASTERS. FANCY, RED TOASTERS.

THEY'RE NOT YOU AND ME. THEY DON'T EAT COOKIES, Y'KNOW?

COOKIES--GOD! FINE, YES, I GOT THEM COOKIES! DOES THIS AFFECT YOU SOMEHOW?

ARE THERE ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF COOKIES IN THE WORLD SO NOW YOU'RE GOING TO RUN OUT AND DIE? IS THAT IT?

EXCUSE ME?



MAY
WE HELP
YOU?

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

TOM KING GABRIEL HERNANDEZ WALT JORDIE BELLAIRE VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
WRITER ARTIST COLOR ARTIST LETTERER

THE VISIONS WERE HAPPY TO HAVE THE COMPANY.

THEY HAD JUST FINISHED UNPACKING AND WERE EAGER TO SHOW OFF WHAT THEY HAD DONE WITH THE HOUSE.

THANK YOU SO MUCH. WON'T YOU PLEASE COME INSIDE?

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THANK YOU SO MUCH. WON'T YOU PLEASE COME INSIDE?

616

PLEASE, THIS IS MY WIFE, VIRGINIA.

MY DAUGHTER, VIV. MY SON, VIN. THEY ARE TWINS.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

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PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

THEY GAVE NORA AND GEORGE A BRIEF TOUR, NOTING THAT MANY OF THE OBJECTS ON DISPLAY WERE COLLECTED DURING VISION'S MANY YEARS WITH THE AVENGERS.



A STRINGLESS STEINWAY
IMPORTED FROM WAKANDA.
A GIFT FROM THE PANTHER.

ONE OF THE FAMED FLYING
WATER VASES OF ZENN-LA.
A GIFT FROM THE SURFER.

A man with blonde hair and a dark turtleneck sweater is looking up at a large, translucent blue water vase floating in the air. The vase is irregularly shaped, resembling a water droplet or a splash frozen in time. Several smaller blue droplets are floating around the main vase. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

A black and white photograph of a rectangular lighter with a textured surface. The words "ENGLAND" and "1943" are engraved on the front. The lighter is open, revealing a map of the United Kingdom inside. The map is partially unfolded, showing the British Isles and some surrounding waters. The lighter is placed on a dark, reflective surface, possibly a table. The background is dark and out of focus.

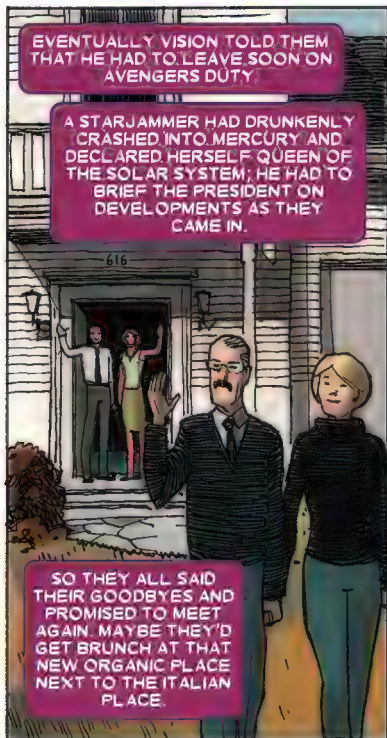
A CLIPPED EVERBLOOM PLUCKED FROM THE SIDE OF MT. WUNDAGORE.
A GIFT FROM THE WITCH.

A large, dark blue, spiky everbloom tree stands in a room. It is decorated with colorful lights and ornaments. Four people are gathered around it: a man in a striped shirt and tie, a woman in a black top, a man in a white shirt and tie, and a woman in a pink top and green skirt. The tree is in a large, light-colored pot. The room has a wooden floor and a window with blinds in the background.



AS VISION EXPLAINED THE LOCAL MYTH OF THE EVERBLOOM--THAT ITS PETALS COULD UNLOCK THE DOORS OF TIME--HIS WIFE GREW UNUSUALLY QUIET.

BUT NEITHER NORA NOR GEORGE NOTICED THIS.



EVENTUALLY VISION TOLD THEM THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE SOON ON AVENGERS DUTY.

A STARJAMMER HAD DRUNKENLY CRASHED INTO MERCURY AND DECLARED HERSELF QUEEN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM; HE HAD TO BRIEF THE PRESIDENT ON DEVELOPMENTS AS THEY CAME IN.

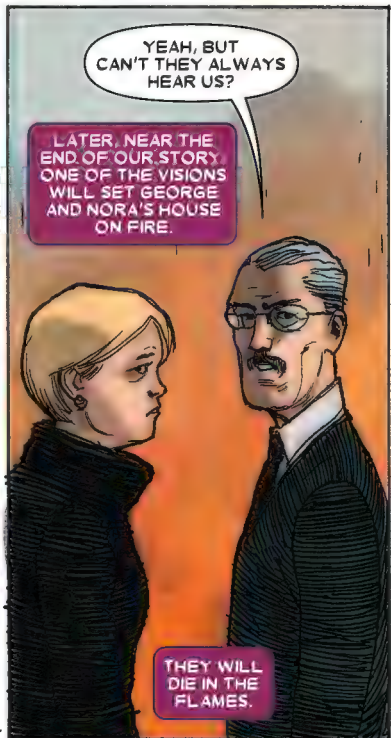
SO THEY ALL SAID THEIR GOODBYES AND PROMISED TO MEET AGAIN. MAYBE THEY'D GET BRUNCH AT THAT NEW ORGANIC PLACE NEXT TO THE ITALIAN PLACE.



HIS HAND FELT LIKE A SANDWICH BAG. WHEN I SHOOK IT. LIKE KIND OF STICKY.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD HURT OR SOMETHING.

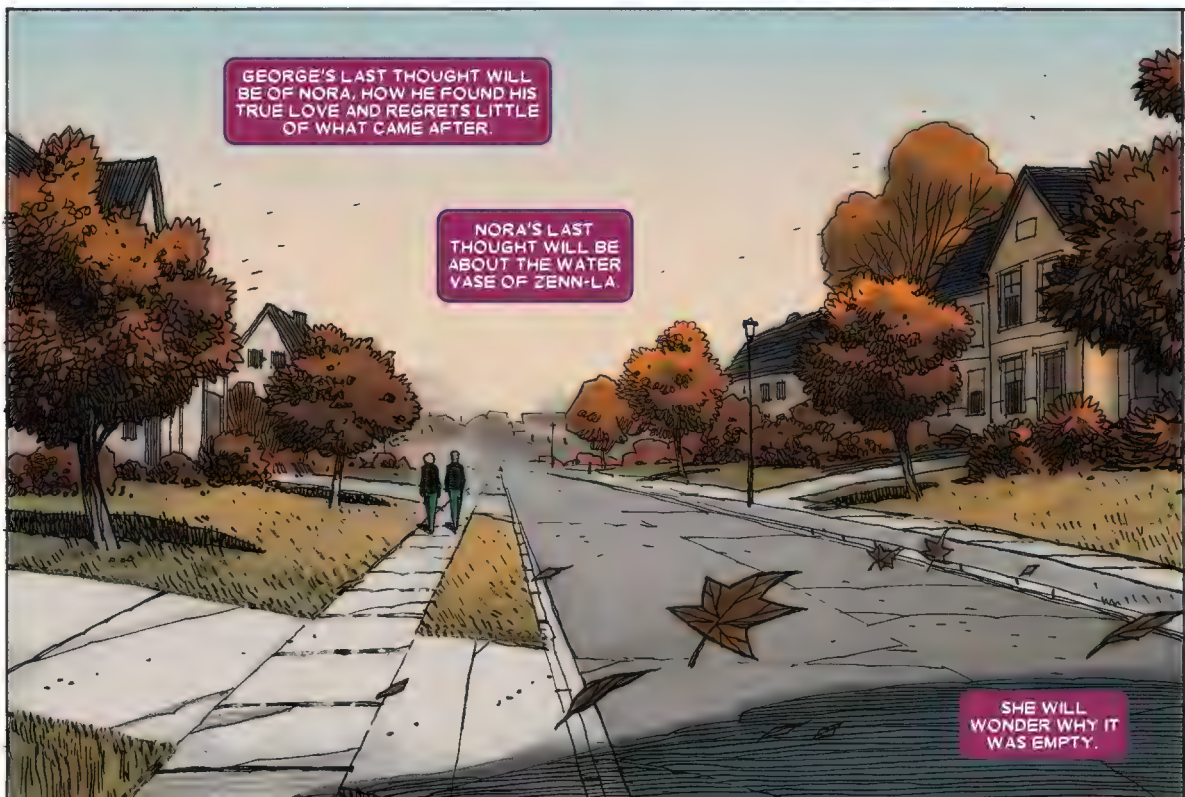
SHHHH. YOU DON'T THINK THEY CAN HEAR US?



YEAH, BUT CAN'T THEY ALWAYS HEAR US?

LATER, NEAR THE END OF OUR STORY, ONE OF THE VISIONS WILL SET GEORGE AND NORA'S HOUSE ON FIRE.

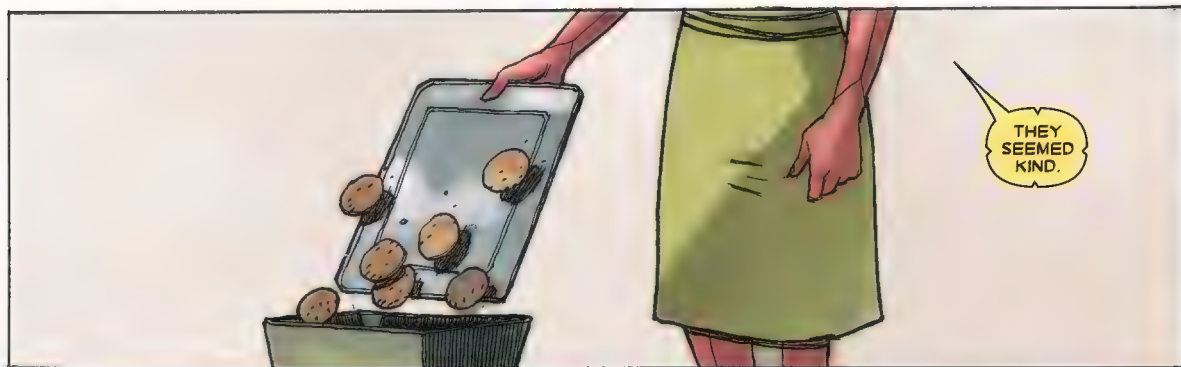
THEY WILL DIE IN THE FLAMES.



GEORGE'S LAST THOUGHT WILL BE OF NORA, HOW HE FOUND HIS TRUE LOVE AND REGRETS LITTLE OF WHAT CAME AFTER.

NORA'S LAST THOUGHT WILL BE ABOUT THE WATER VASE OF ZENN-LA.

SHE WILL WONDER WHY IT WAS EMPTY.



THEY SEEMED KIND.



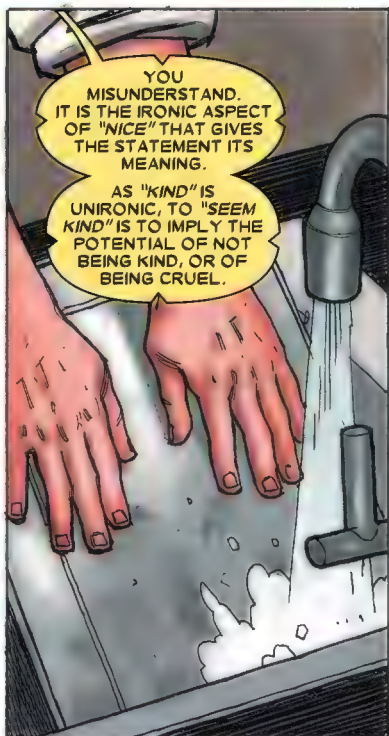
NICE.

IT IS PROPER TO SAY THEY SEEMED NICE.



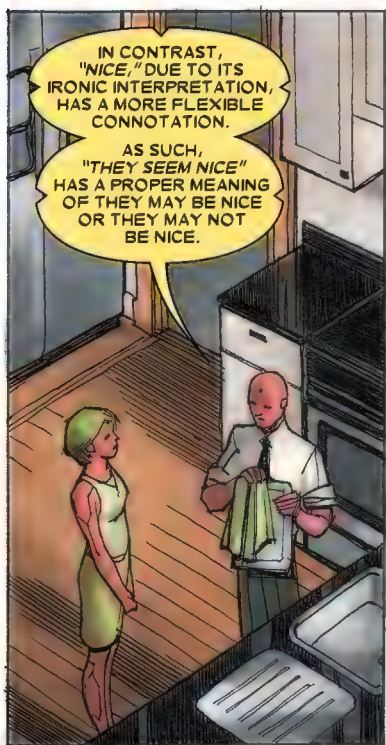
I DISAGREE. "KIND" CARRIES A MUCH MORE POSITIVE ATTRIBUTION THAN "NICE."

"NICE" IS IN FACT OFTEN USED IRONICALLY. AND I WAS NOT BEING IRONIC.



YOU MISUNDERSTAND. IT IS THE IRONIC ASPECT OF "NICE" THAT GIVES THE STATEMENT ITS MEANING.

AS "KIND" IS UNIRONIC, TO "SEEM KIND" IS TO IMPLY THE POTENTIAL OF NOT BEING KIND, OR OF BEING CRUEL.



IN CONTRAST, "NICE," DUE TO ITS IRONIC INTERPRETATION, HAS A MORE FLEXIBLE CONNOTATION.

AS SUCH, "THEY SEEM NICE" HAS A PROPER MEANING OF THEY MAY BE NICE OR THEY MAY NOT BE NICE.



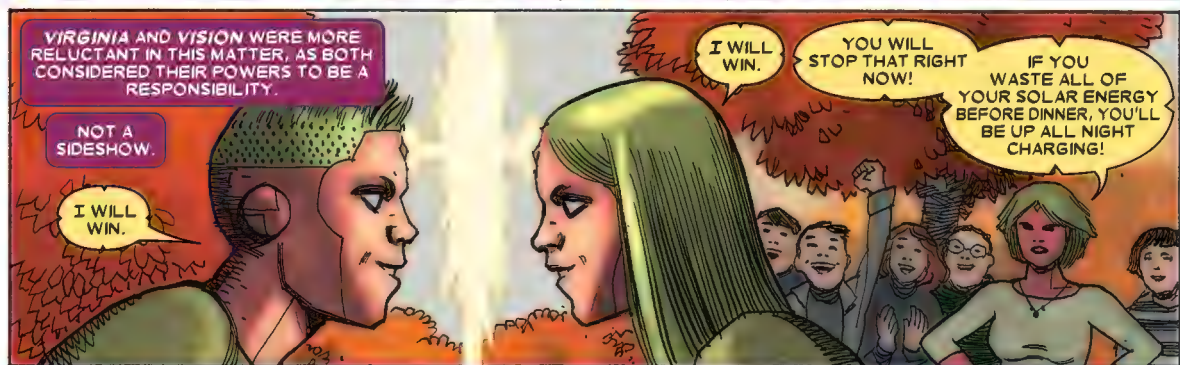
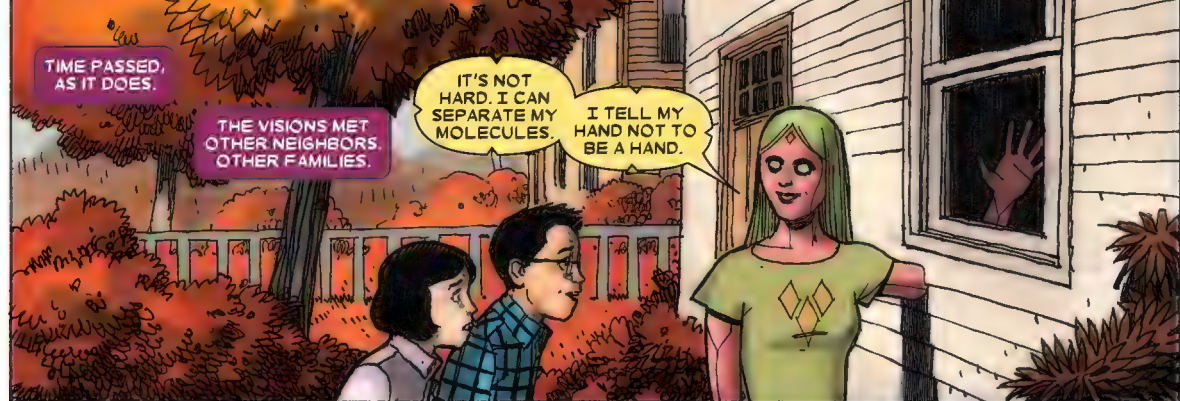
THEN THE PHRASE IS MEANINGLESS.



OBVIOUSLY.

TO ASSERT AS TRUTH THAT WHICH HAS NO MEANING IS THE CORE MISSION OF HUMANITY.







SOON ENOUGH, THE VISION BEGAN HIS DUTIES.

Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY. MEETING YOU, I'VE NEVER FELT SO SAFE YET SO SCARED.

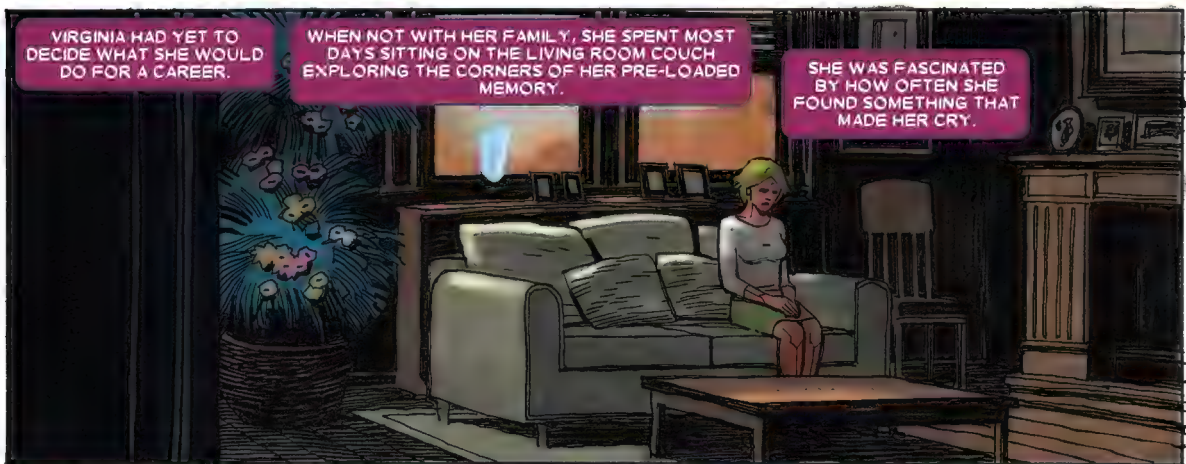
ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

YES, MR. PRESIDENT.



THOUGH HE DID NOT TELL THE PRESIDENT, HE HOPED THE WHITE HOUSE WOULD OFFER HIM AN OFFICIAL POSITION, WHERE HE MIGHT DRAW A SALARY.

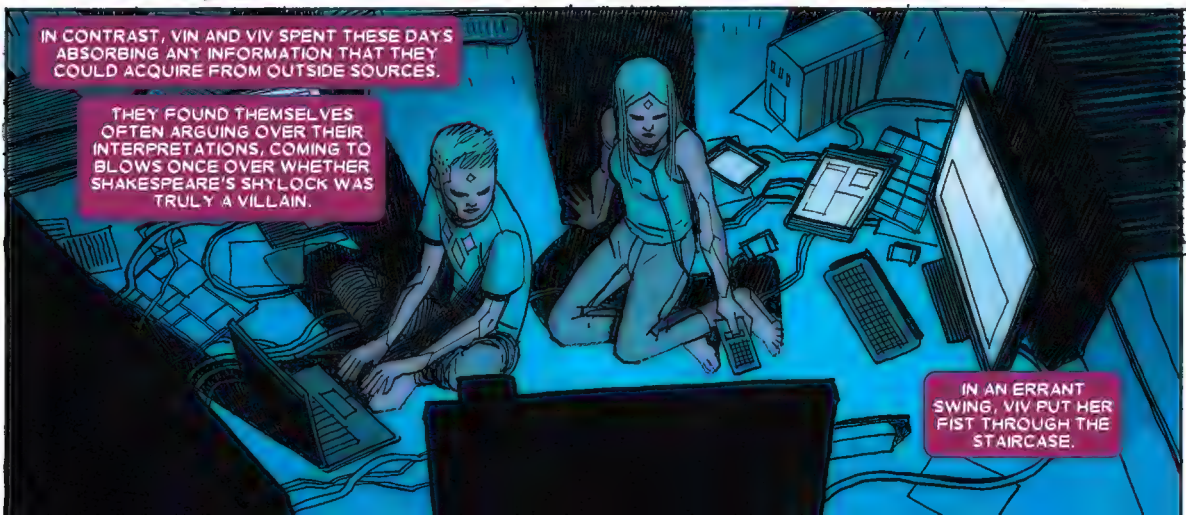
THE AVENGERS WERE NO LONGER OFFERING WAGES, AND HE WAS UNCERTAIN HOW LONG HIS SAVINGS WOULD LAST.



VIRGINIA HAD YET TO DECIDE WHAT SHE WOULD DO FOR A CAREER.

WHEN NOT WITH HER FAMILY, SHE SPENT MOST DAYS SITTING ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH EXPLORING THE CORNERS OF HER PRE-LOADED MEMORY.

SHE WAS FASCINATED BY HOW OFTEN SHE FOUND SOMETHING THAT MADE HER CRY.



IN CONTRAST, VIN AND VIV SPENT THESE DAYS ABSORBING ANY INFORMATION THAT THEY COULD ACQUIRE FROM OUTSIDE SOURCES.

THEY FOUND THEMSELVES OFTEN ARGUING OVER THEIR INTERPRETATIONS, COMING TO BLOWS ONCE OVER WHETHER SHAKESPEARE'S SHYLOCK WAS TRULY A VILLAIN.

IN AN ERRANT SWING, VIV PUT HER FIST THROUGH THE STAIRCASE.

EVENTUALLY THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL ARRIVED. VIN AND VIV WERE PROVIDED WITH SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS ON WHAT TO WEAR, AND THEY FOLLOWED THOSE INSTRUCTIONS PERFECTLY.

THEY WERE, AFTER ALL, DUTIFUL CHILDREN.



YOU BOTH APPEAR ADEQUATE.

NO. NO, NO. NO. PLEASE COME.



YOU MUST BE MINDFUL OF THE CLOTHES. CLOTHES THAT PHASE ARE COSTLY. DO NOT STAIN THEM.

YES, MOTHER.



IT IS HIGH SCHOOL.

THEY WILL REMAIN SOLID.



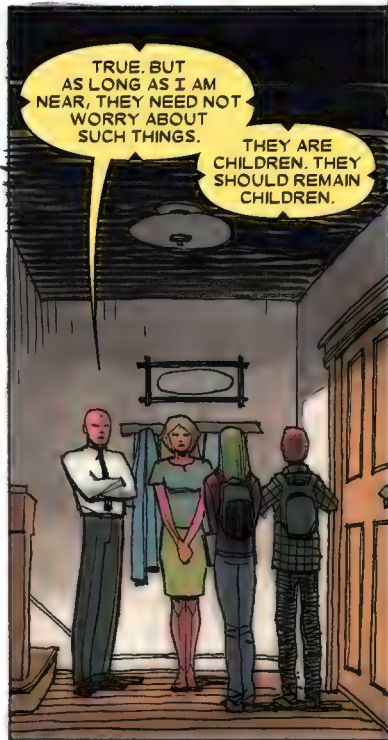
THE CHILDREN WILL ACT AS NEEDED, HUSBAND.

ANGER IS NOT NEAR UNTIL IT IS NEAR.



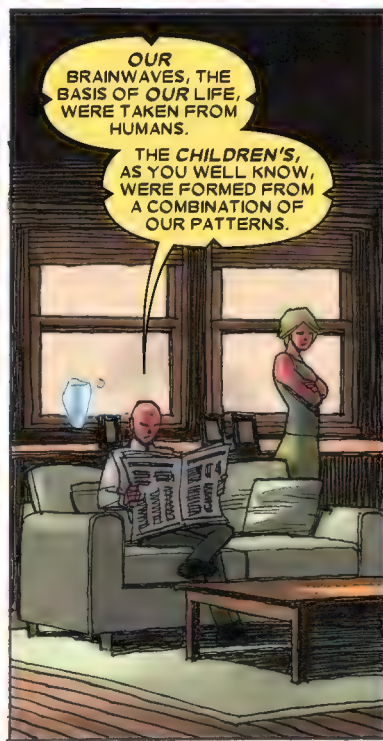
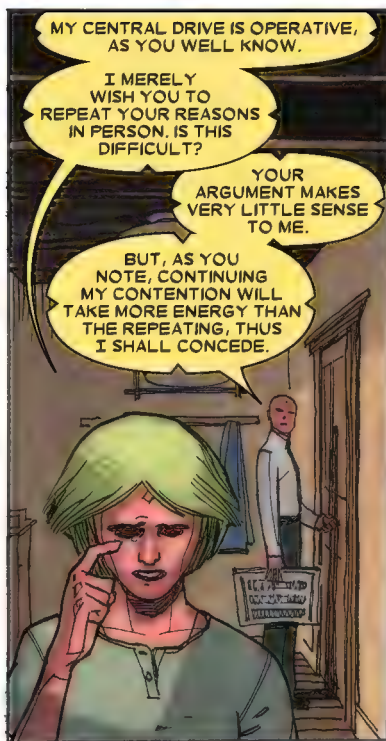
TRUE. BUT AS LONG AS I AM NEAR, THEY NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT SUCH THINGS.

THEY ARE CHILDREN. THEY SHOULD REMAIN CHILDREN.



BUT FATHER, WHAT ELSE WOULD WE BE?







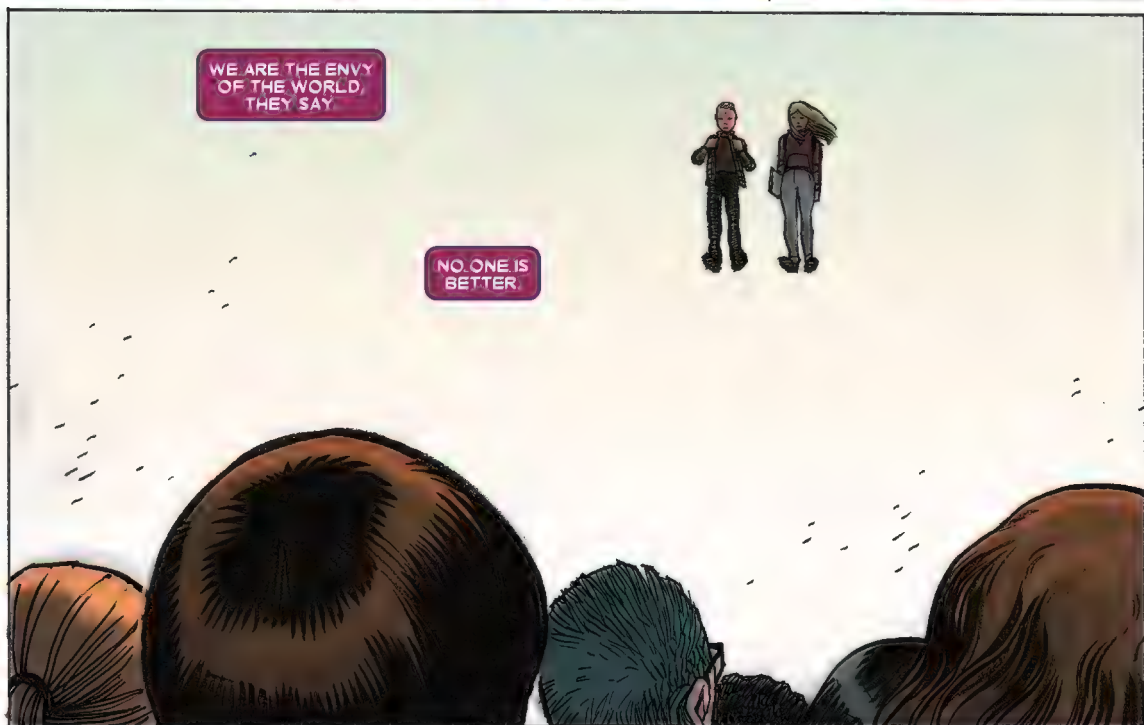
VISION ARRANGED FOR HIS CHILDREN TO ATTEND ALEXANDER HAMILTON HIGH, A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL IN FAIRFAX, VA

THE SCHOOL IS KNOWN COUNTRYWIDE FOR ITS STRICT ACADEMICS. THE DEMANDS IT PUTS ON ITS STUDENTS ARE SAID TO BE SECOND TO NONE



TESTS OF GREAT LENGTH AND DIFFICULTY ARE REQUIRED FOR ALL STUDENTS SEEKING TO ATTEND HAMILTON.

THE CHILDREN WHO ATTEND THE HIGH SCHOOL THINK OF THEMSELVES AS THE BEST OF THE BEST.



WE ARE THE ENVY OF THE WORLD, THEY SAY.

NO ONE IS BETTER.

AT VISION'S REQUEST,
VIN AND VIV WERE PUT ON
SEPARATE SCHEDULES.

VIV STARTED HER DAY
WITH LATIN AND ENDED
WITH CHEMISTRY.

VIN STARTED HIS
DAY WITH AMERICAN
LITERATURE AND
ENDED WITH EUROPEAN
HISTORY.

VISION HAD EXPLAINED
TO THEM THAT THEY
OBVIOUSLY COULD MEMORIZE
THE WORDS AND FIGURES IN
ANY BOOK PROVIDED

HOWEVER, VISION RIGHTLY
NOTED THAT THE ABILITY TO
COMBINE THESE FIGURES INTO
RHETORIC, INTO CREATIVE
ENDEAVORS, THIS HAD TO BE
LEARNED.

FACTS WITHOUT
CONTEXT ARE LIKE
INDIVIDUALS WITHOUT
SOCIETY.

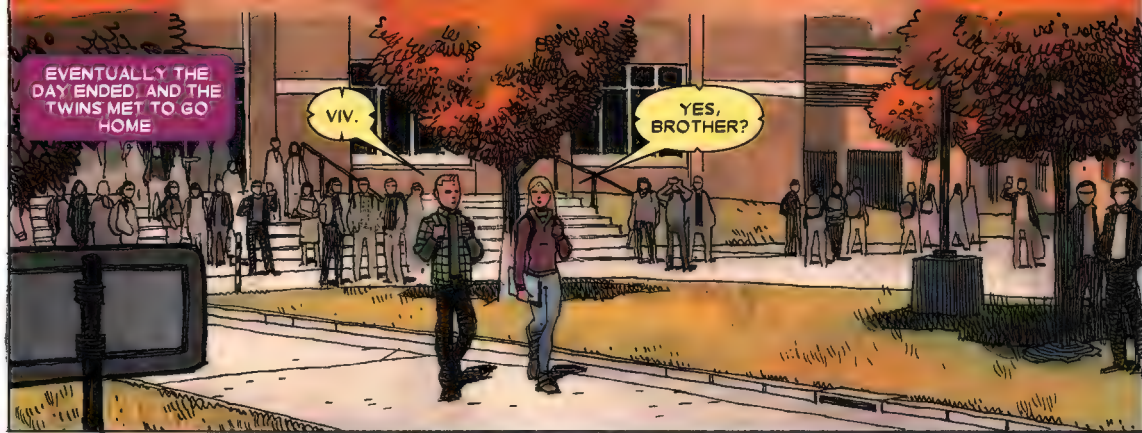
JUST AS AN INDIVIDUAL
MUST FIND HIS OR HER
PLACE IN SOCIETY OR ELSE
THEY ARE USELESS...

HEY. HEY,
YOU.

YES. YES,
ME? I DO NOT
BELIEVE WE ARE
ALLOWED TO
CONVERSE.

R U
NORMAL?

...A FACT MUST FIND
ITS PLACE IN AN
ARGUMENT OR ELSE
IT SERVES NO TRUE
PURPOSE.



THE VISIONS DO NOT SLEEP TO RECOUP ENERGY. THEIR POWER COMES FROM THE SUN.

HOWEVER, THEY DO SHUT DOWN AT NIGHT IN ORDER THAT THEIR SYSTEMS CAN PROCESS THE DAY'S INPUT AND ELIMINATE THAT WHICH IS UNNECESSARY.

THEY DO NOT DREAM.

THIS IS WHY, A MONTH AFTER THE CHILDREN STARTED AT HAMILTON, VISION WAS DISTURBED WHEN HE UNEXPECTEDLY WOKE AT 3AM.

HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A STATE OF DREAD, HIS THOUGHTS CAUGHT ON A REPEATING IMAGE OF THE DAY HE FIRST SAW HIS WIFE OPEN HER EYES.

OVER AND OVER HE SAW HER EYELIDS RISE, HER PUPILS GROW AND RECEDE, LIKE A CAMERA LENS ADJUSTING TO THE LIGHT.

AND FOR A REASON HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND, THIS SCARED HIM.

THERE IS A GLITCH, HE THOUGHT, A GLITCH IN MYSELF.

THIS IS MY WIFE. I LOVE HER. I MUST LOVE HER.

THOUGH HE TRIED NOT TO, HIS MIND INEVITABLY TURNED TO THE PERSON FROM WHOM HE HAD TAKEN THE BRAINWAVES FOR HIS WIFE.

NO, HE THOUGHT, PUSH THAT OUT. IT IS UNIMPORTANT.

REMEMBER, HE THOUGHT, THIS IS MY WIFE. I MUST LOVE HER.



THOUGH THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY, VISION DECIDED TO GO TO AVENGERS H.Q. TO RUN SOME SELF-DIAGNOSTIC TESTS.



HE TOLD THE FAMILY HE WOULD BE HOME FOR DINNER.



VIRGINIA DECIDED TO TAKE THE FREE TIME TO REVIEW THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL WORK.

SHE WANTED TO SEE NOT ONLY WHAT THEY WERE LEARNING BUT HOW THEY WERE LEARNING.



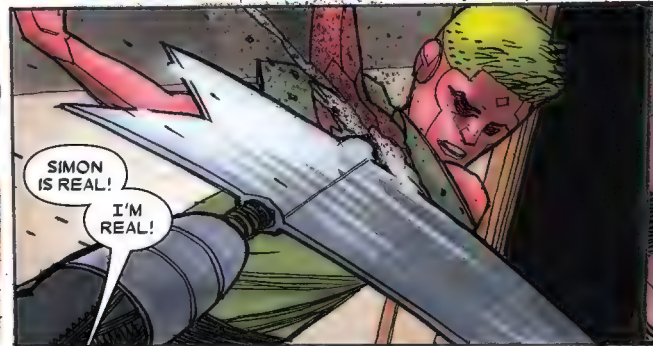
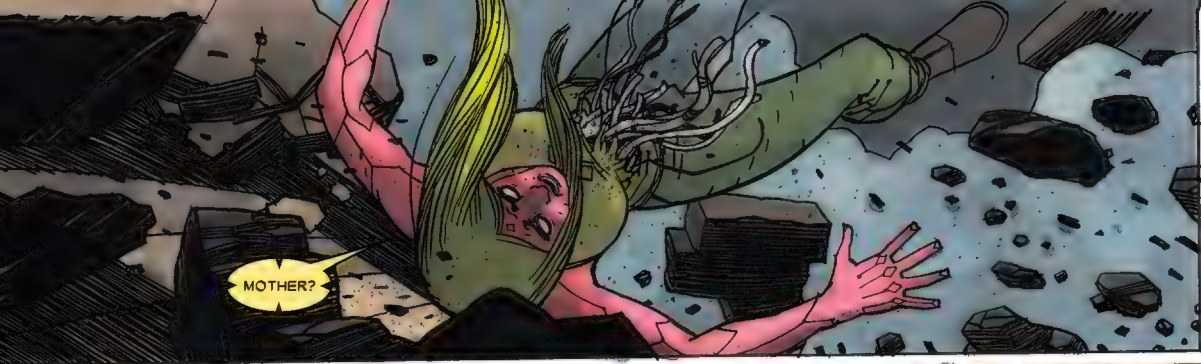
A COMMENT OF VIRGINIA'S ABOUT VIV'S USE OF PASSIVE VOICE IN AN ESSAY ON THE ARABIC TRANSLATION MOVEMENT SEEMED TO UPSET VIV.

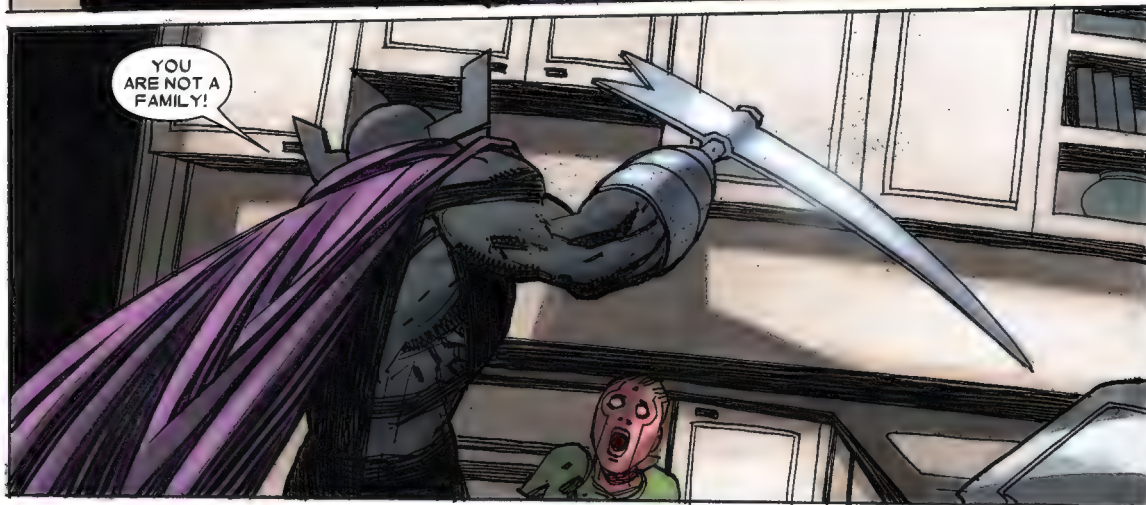
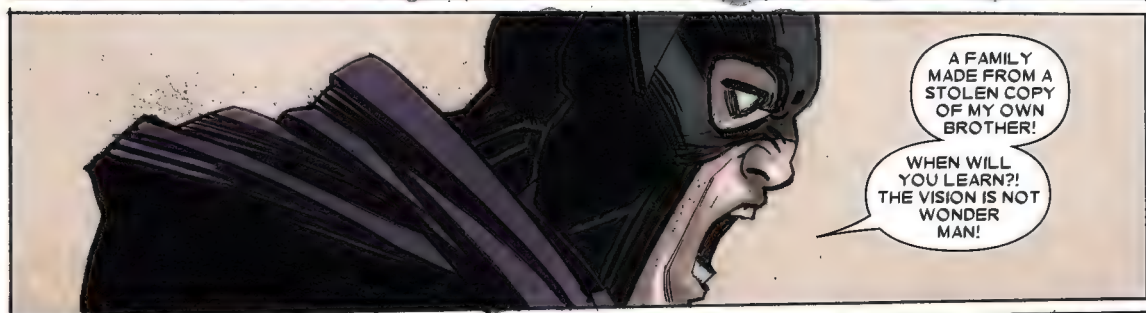


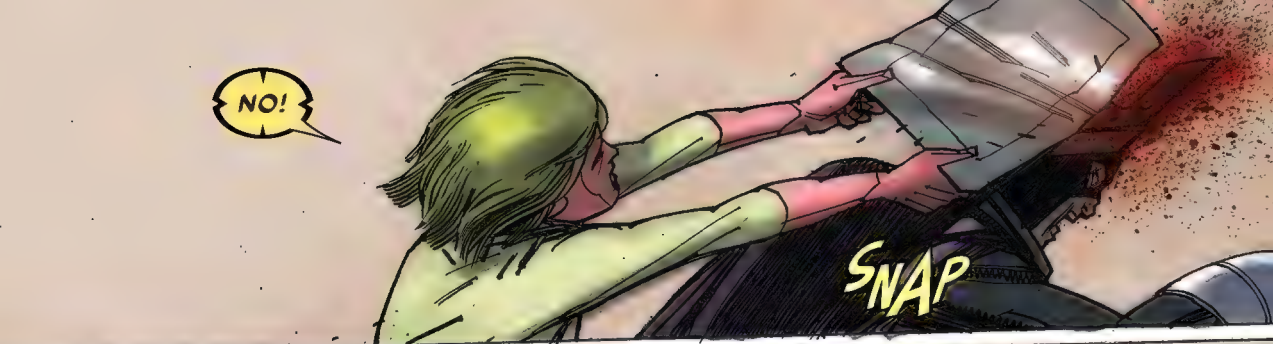
SHE GOT UP FROM THE TABLE AND MOVED TOWARD THE KITCHEN.

THAT IS WHEN
THE BLADE WENT
THROUGH HER.

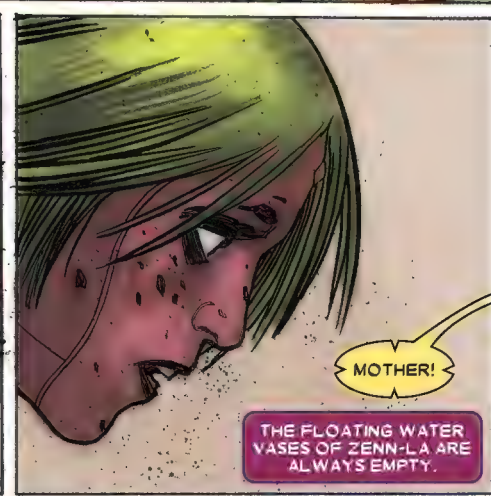
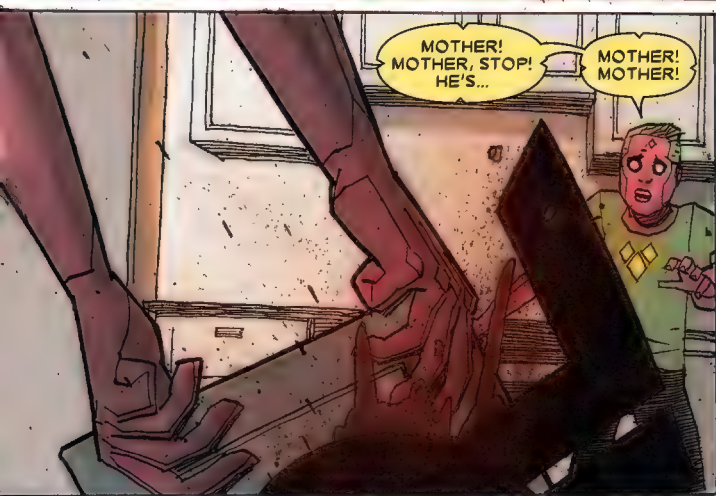








SNAP



THE FLOATING WATER
VASES OF ZENN-LA ARE
ALWAYS EMPTY.



THE METHANIC SULFITE
THAT CAUSES THE WATER
TO LEVITATE IS POISONOUS
TO ALL KNOWN SPECIES
OF FLOWERS.



THE MYSTERY IS THEN
NOT WHY THEY ARE EMPTY,
BUT WHY ANYONE WOULD
EVER MAKE SUCH A VASE.



SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL

002 **MARVEL**

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDDINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO. AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE... CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:

IN A SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT, KELLY AND MCGUINNESS GOT THEIR COLLECTIVE ACTS TOGETHER AND PUT OUT SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL #1 ON TIME.

THEY STARTED SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BUT, INDEED, THEY DID FINISH! AND BROUGHT YOU THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE TITANIC TALE OF THAT TIME SPIDER-MAN WAS KIDNAPPED BY DEADPOOL TO BATTLE A FAKE DORMAMMU WHO WAS ACTUALLY AN OUT-OF-WORK DEMONIC ACTOR.

IT WAS ALL A RUSE BY DEADPOOL TO HANG OUT WITH SPIDEY BECAUSE HE MAN-CRUSHES HARD ON THAT DUDE. PLUS, DEADPOOL WAS SUFFERING A TEENSY WEENSY MORAL QUANDARY, AND HOPED THAT TEAMING-UP WITH SPIDEY WOULD HELP HIM WORK IT OUT...

...SOMEONE HAS HIRED DEADPOOL TO KILL PETER PARKER. SPIDER-MAN'S "BOSS."

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

JOE KELLY

WRITER

ED MCGUINNESS

PENCILER

MARK MORALES

PART TWO

JASON KEITH

COLOR ARTIST

VC'S JOE SABINO

LETTERER

ED MCGUINNESS AND MARTE GRACIA COVER ARTISTS
ED MCGUINNESS AND ANDREW CROSSLEY VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
MANNY MEDEROS TITLE PAGE DESIGN
DEVIN LEWIS ASSISTANT EDITOR
JORDAN D. WHITE AND NICK LOWE EDITORS

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STAN LEE AND STEVE DITKO

DEADPOOL CREATED BY
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JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

PARKER INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS
THE BAXTER BUILDING, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"SO APPARENTLY,
WHEN YOU LOOK
UP PETER PARKER
ON WIKTIONARY--

"--YOUR COMPUTER CRACKS
OPEN, KILLS YOUR AUNTIE,
AND PUS, DEAD PUPPIES
AND NEEDLE-TOOTHED
CLOWNS FALL OUT."

TELL ME I DID
NOT JUST SPILL GO
GET 'EM: BLACK ALL
OVER MY WHITE
SHIRT.

I WOULD,
BUT THAT
WOULD BE
A LIE.

BECAUSE
I TRIPPED
ON MY OWN
REPORT--

WHICH I
TOLD YOU TO
PICK UP SO YOU
WOULDN'T TRIP
OVER IT. ALSO
TRUE.

AND I GO
ON CAMERA IN
30 SECONDS.

THREE FOR
THREE. SMART
DRINKS REALLY
DO WORK.

"IT'S ALL HERE. EVIL-
GENIUS-SCUM-OF-
THE-EARTH WHO PUTS
THE 'D' IN D-BAG.

"'D' FOR
DICTATORIAL..."

YOU! MISS--?
MAY I PLEASE
HAVE THOSE
TIES?

ALL OF
THEM?

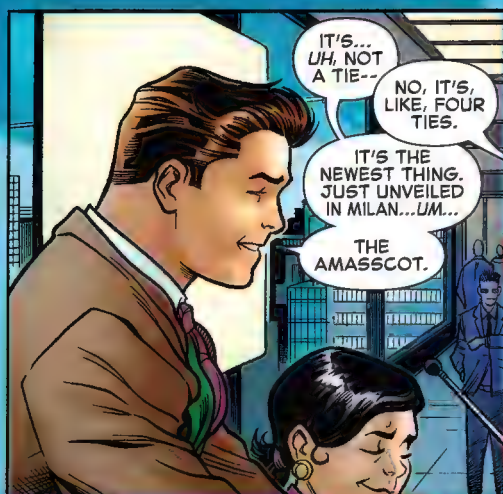
"'D' FOR DEMENTED.
LIKE SICK, HUMAN-
MILLIPEDE SORT
OF THINKING..."

WHO
KNOWS HOW
TO FRENCH-
BRAID?

I DO,
SIR.

YOU JUST
GOT PROMOTED
TO KING OF
FASHION.

TWENTY
SECONDS...AND
YOU ARE AN
IDIOT.



DESPICABLE. DEPLORABLE. DEGENERATE-- WHICH I DEEM DEFENSIBLE DEPENDING ON THE DEMONSTRABLE DEGREE OF SAID DEGENERACY.

ARE YOU AWARE THAT WHEN YOU'RE STRESSED YOU USE EXCESSIVE ALLITERATION?

REALLY? REPEATEDLY...? RIGHT.

>SIGH< IT'S JUST--CHECKING THE EVIDENCE AGAINST PARKER. IT'S SO CLEAR I SHOULD BE INTRODUCING HIM TO HIS LOWER INTESTINES...

YET HERE YOU SIT IN BED LOOKING AT YOUR COMPUTER BOX INSTEAD OF MY GENTLE, SUPPLE, PERFECT FORM...

...WITH YOUR MASK ON.

THIS IS THE WORK GEAR, BABE. I'M WORKING.

YOU SHOULD BE WORKING ME.

PICK OUT YOUR FAVORITE FIREARM, SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD AND THEN YOU CAN...

REPEATEDLY REPEATEDLY

YOU MAY RECALL I AM AN AVENGER NOW AND ACCORDING TO CLUBHOUSE RULES, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO OFF SOMEONE WITHOUT A REALLY, REALLY, REALLY GOOD REASON--

YOU'RE NOT ON THE REALLY REAL TEAM.

SUFFERING SUCCUBUS...WHAT YOU DO TO ME...

DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SOUND LIKE A REAL WIFE INSTEAD OF A HOT FANTASY WIFE. LOOK...

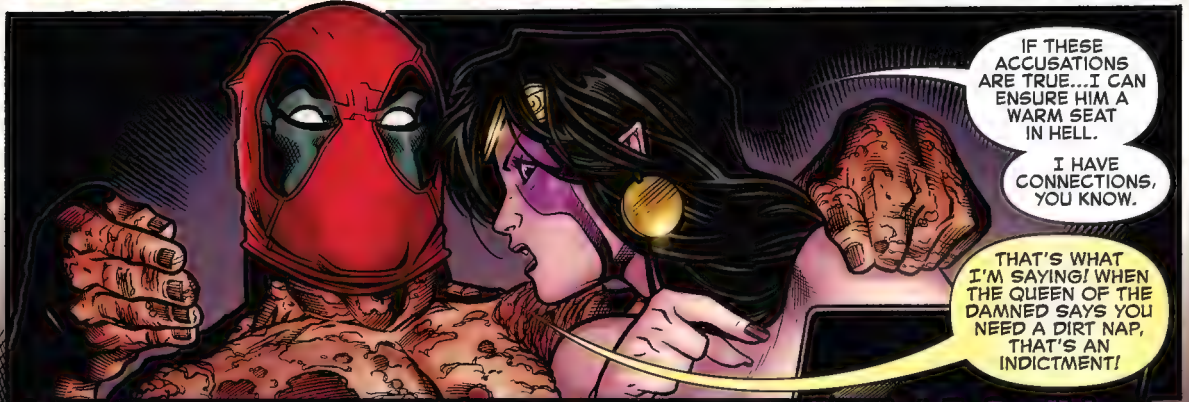


ARE
THOSE...HUMAN
BEINGS?

ON THE SURFACE,
PETER'S ALL RON HOWARD
HUGHES MAKING DONATIONS
TO CHARITY AND OH-GOLLYING
HIMSELF TO ICE CREAM
WITH THE OBAMAS--

--BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
PARKER INDUSTRIES
IS INTO SOME
SERIOUSLY SICK
SHENANIGANS.

WERE, FAR AS I CAN TELL.
THE GUY WHO WANTS PARKER
GAKKED SENT ME ALL HIS
"EVIDENCE."



IF THESE
ACCUSATIONS
ARE TRUE...I CAN
ENSURE HIM A
WARM SEAT
IN HELL.

I HAVE
CONNECTIONS,
YOU KNOW.

THAT'S WHAT
I'M SAYING! WHEN
THE QUEEN OF THE
DAMNED SAYS YOU
NEED A DIRT NAP,
THAT'S AN
INDICTMENT!

SO
WHY DO YOU
HESITATE?

BECAUSE
SOMETIMES THE
PEOPLE WHO HIRE
PEOPLE TO KILL PEOPLE
ARE BAD PEOPLE
UNFAMILIAR WITH
THE TRUTH.

AND...I
DON'T WANT TO
MAKE A MISTAKE
ON THIS ONE.
I CAN'T.



WE HAVE A
MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE-
SLASH-SUPER-HERO-SLASH-
PRETTY COOL GUY WHO
COULD HELP...

EXCEPT I
DON'T WANT HIM
TO KNOW WHAT I'M
THINKING. HE'S SORT
OF LIKE A ROLE
MODEL AND--

DARLING.
THE SOLUTION
IS SIMPLE...

...CONFIRM THE "EVIDENCE" FOR YOURSELF.
IF PARKER IS INNOCENT, TURN YOUR
FURY TO YOUR EMPLOYER. IF HE'S
NOT, BURY HIM.

YOU
SURE MAKE
MURDER SOUND
LIKE BAKING
BROWNIES--

I JUST
NOTICED THAT
YOU'RE TOUCHING
PARTS OF ME
THAT LIKE BEING
TOUCHED.

PETER
PARKER MAY
BE A DEAD
MAN. YOU
ARE NOT.

AMASSCOT!!!
AMASSCOT?!
AMASSCOT.

THANK GOODNESS NOTHING
LASTS LONGER THAN A WEEK
IN THE 24-HOUR NEWS CYCLE.

HIGH SCHOOL WAS FOUR YEARS
OF STRAIGHT MORTIFICATION. I
CAN HANDLE A FEW DAYS OF THE
'AMASSCOT INCIDENT.'

BEING A SLICK CEO-TYPE IS NOT AS
EASY AS TONY MADE IT SEEM. FOR
ALL THE GOOD WE CAN DO AT PARKER
INDUSTRIES, I AM NOT DOWN WITH
THE MEETINGS AND THE HAND-SHAKING
AND CAMERA TIME AND...C.E.OVERLOAD.

IF I COULDN'T WEB UP AND
CUT LOOSE ONCE IN A WHILE,
I'D NEED A STRAJTJACKET
TO GO WITH MY AMASSCOT.

QUESTION IS...IS
ONCE IN A WHILE
REALLY ENOUGH
SPIDER-TIME?

BREE-DEET

LOWE'S LOWE'S HAPPY OPEN 24

WOO
ROUND

HEY,
SPIDER-MAN! I
WAS JUST THINKING
ABOUT HOW AWESOME
IT IS TO BE US!
WHAT'S UP?

DID YOU
SAY 'MUGGING
SPREE'?





WE'RE DONE--

WAIT! WAIT! I WANTED TO TALK AND IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE YOUR CELL! I TRIED YELLING "SAY MY NAME!" INTO SPIDERWEBS, BUT APPARENTLY THAT'S NOT A THING.

I DESERVE SOME PROPS FOR GETTING YOUR ATTENTION IN A CITY OF SEVEN MILLION PEOPLE WITHOUT SHOOTING ANYONE! SERIOUSLY.

AND NO MORE NAD JOKES. TRUTH IS, THE WIFE HAS THEM IN A JAR ON HER DRESSER.

I'M TELLING YOU, WE HAVE A SHOT AT THE PRESIDENCY IF WE JUST GET THE WORD OUT--

SHUT UP, LEFTY.

GREAT! COMMUNICATION! OKAY, JUST THREE THINGS!

1) DO YOU THINK A-FORCE MONITOR DUTY IS PANTS-OPTIONAL?

2) IF YOU SECRETLY SNIFFED DOOP WHEN HE WAS ASLEEP ONCE, DO YOU NEED TO GO TO CONFESSION?

CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS? EVEN A SMALL PART OF IT?

~COUGH~ RETCONSPIDER-CLONEJUNIOR ~COUGH~

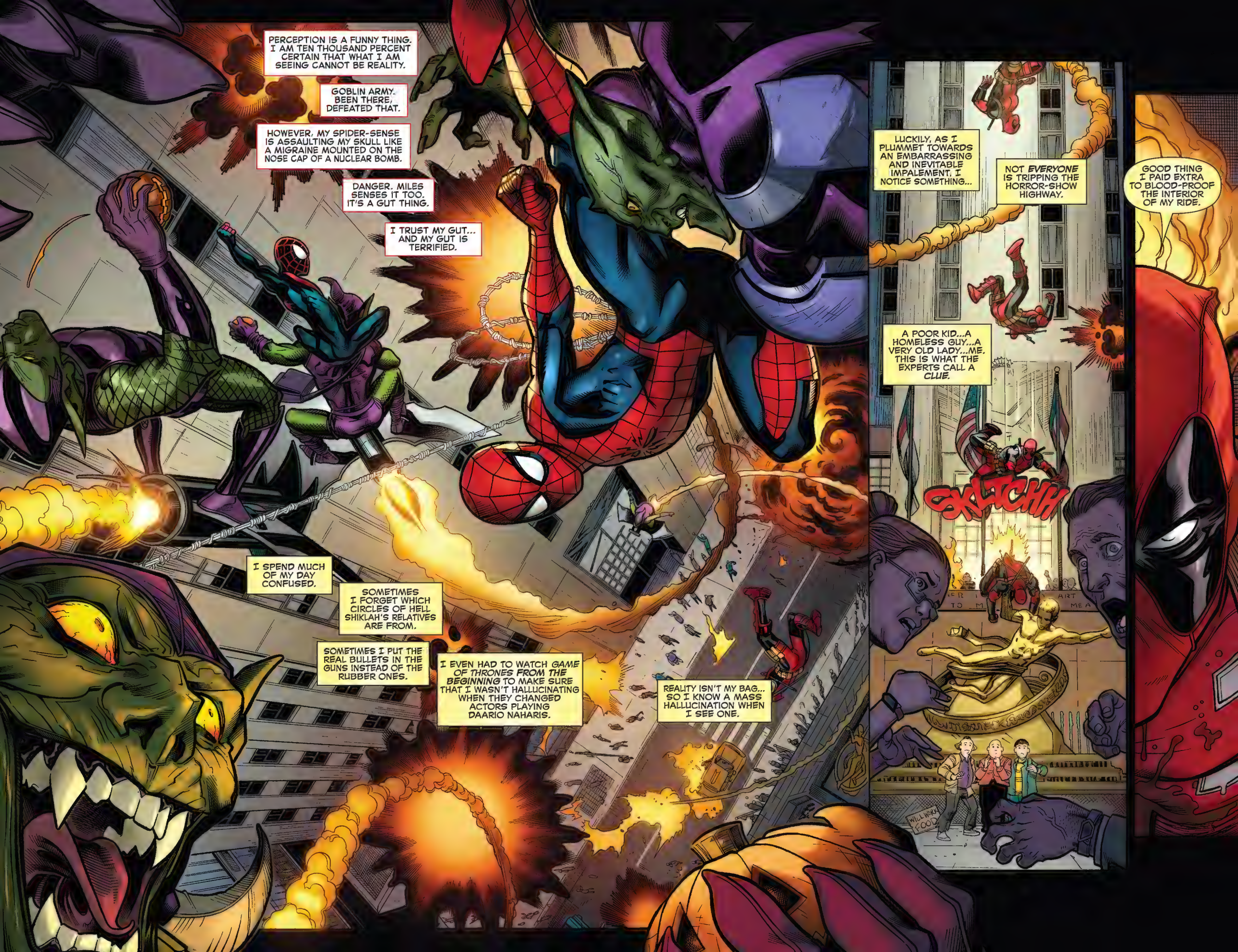
WHAT?

THIRTY SECONDS, WADE.

ANNNND...IS YOUR BOSS PETER PARKER AN EVIL GENIUS OR JUST AN EVIL VILLAIN?

MOSTLY THAT LAST ONE.

AAAAAHH!!

A large comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit, suspended in the air by his webs. He is surrounded by a massive, chaotic battle with a large purple and green Goblin Army. The scene is filled with fire, explosions, and debris. In the background, a city street is visible with people running and cars. On the right side, there is a smaller inset panel showing a different scene with a man in a red suit and a woman in a purple suit. The main panel has several speech bubbles from Spider-Man.

PERCEPTION IS A FUNNY THING.
I AM TEN THOUSAND PERCENT
CERTAIN THAT WHAT I AM
SEEING CANNOT BE REALITY.

GOBLIN ARMY.
BEEN THERE,
DEFEATED THAT.

HOWEVER, MY SPIDER-SENSE
IS ASSAULTING MY SKULL LIKE
A MIGRAINE MOUNTED ON THE
NOSE CAP OF A NUCLEAR BOMB.

DANGER. MILES
SENSES IT TOO.
IT'S A GUT THING.

I TRUST MY GUT...
AND MY GUT IS
TERRIFIED.

I SPEND MUCH
OF MY DAY
CONFUSED.

SOMETIMES
I FORGET WHICH
CIRCLES OF HELL
SHIKLAH'S RELATIVES
ARE FROM.

SOMETIMES I PUT THE
REAL BULLETS IN THE
GUNS INSTEAD OF THE
RUBBER ONES.

I EVEN HAD TO WATCH *GAME
OF THRONES FROM THE
BEGINNING* TO MAKE SURE
THAT I WASN'T HALLUCINATING
WHEN THEY CHANGED
ACTORS PLAYING
DAARIO NAHARIS.

REALITY ISN'T MY BAG...
SO I KNOW A MASS
HALLUCINATION WHEN
I SEE ONE.

A vertical strip of comic book panels. The top panel shows Spider-Man falling through the air. The middle panel shows a man in a red suit and a woman in a purple suit looking at each other. The bottom panel shows a man in a red suit and a woman in a purple suit looking at each other. The panels are connected by a vertical line.

LUCKILY, AS I
PLUMMET TOWARDS
AN EMBARRASSING
AND INEVITABLE
IMPALEMENT, I
NOTICE SOMETHING...

NOT EVERYONE
IS TRIPPING THE
HORROR-SHOW
HIGHWAY.

GOOD THING
I PAID EXTRA
TO BLOOD-PROOF
THE INTERIOR
OF MY RIDE.

A POOR KID...A
HOMELESS GUY...A
VERY OLD LADY...ME.
THIS IS WHAT THE
EXPERTS CALL A
CLUE.

EXTRA



WE GOTTA GO! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! WE--

SPIDER-MAN! CHILL! SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE, BUT...

...DANG IT, JUST KEEP HITTING THINGS UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!



LA CUCARACHAA!

IS...IS THAT HAPPENING...?

IF I WASN'T TERRIFIED THE CITY WAS ABOUT TO FALL TO A GOBLIN ARMY... I WOULD BE SO... TICKED OFF.



HERE COM'A DEADPOOL, HERE COM'A DEADPOOL...

YEAH HE BE DRIVING UP A WALL!

YOU LOV'A DEADPOOL, YOU LOV'A DEADPOOL...

HE GOT THE COOLEST WHIP OF ALL!

VRRRRRRRRR



SO I COULDN'T
HELP BUT NOTICE
THAT YOU'RE
SUFFERING A MASS
HALLUCINATION.

GLUTEN
OVERDOSE,
PROBABLY. OR
YOU'VE BEEN
WATCHING
KARDASHIAN
TV.

NO! LET
HIM GO! THE
GOBLINS! THE
GOBLINS!

YOU'RE
WORKING WITH
THEM! THAT'S HOW
IT GOES WITH YOU,
ISN'T IT? WHOEVER
HAS THE MOST
MONEY, MOST
POWER--!

I KNEW
I COULDN'T
TRUST YOU!

WHY
WOULD YOU
EVEN--?

SPIDER-LAD!
THE GROWN-UPS
ARE TALKING.

HOW
COULD I BE SO
STUPID TO THINK
THAT THERE WAS AN
IOTA OF CHANGE
HAPPENING IN
YOU?!

FIRST,
YOU WERE
THINKING OF
ME? SWEET.

SECOND, YOU
ARE GONNA BE
REALLY EMBARRASSED
YOU SAID THAT IF YOU'D
JUST TELL ME WHERE
YOUR PARKER
TECH IS--

A comic book panel depicting a chaotic battle between Spider-Man and Deadpool. Spider-Man is shown in a dynamic, acrobatic pose, swinging through the air. Deadpool is also in a dynamic pose, holding a large handgun. The background is a city street with buildings and a car. The scene is filled with action, with various sound effects and dialogue bubbles.

THE WORLD IS ON FIRE AND YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE!

YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE! YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I HATE YOU? THIS IS WHY!

YOU'RE SELFISH, STUPID AND I CAN'T TRUST YOU TO HAVE MY BACK!

BLAMM
BLAMM

KTSCHH

SKTCHH

NOT ME. I'M A RAGING JACKHOLE.

I'M SORRY, I--

W-WEBWARE...? H-HALLUCINATION... TRANSMITTED--?

YOU SAVED US?

NO BIG. WHICH IS GUY CODE FOR "SHUT THE F%#\$ UP."

INSTEAD, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR BILLIONAIRE-PLAYBOY-GOODY-GOODY BOSS ON THE WAY TO KICK HIS BUTT.



JUST BEFORE APOLLO AND I GOT INTIMATE, I NOTICED THAT POOR PEOPLE, LUDDITES AND NON-CONFORMISTS LIKE MYSELF WEREN'T FLIPPING OUT.

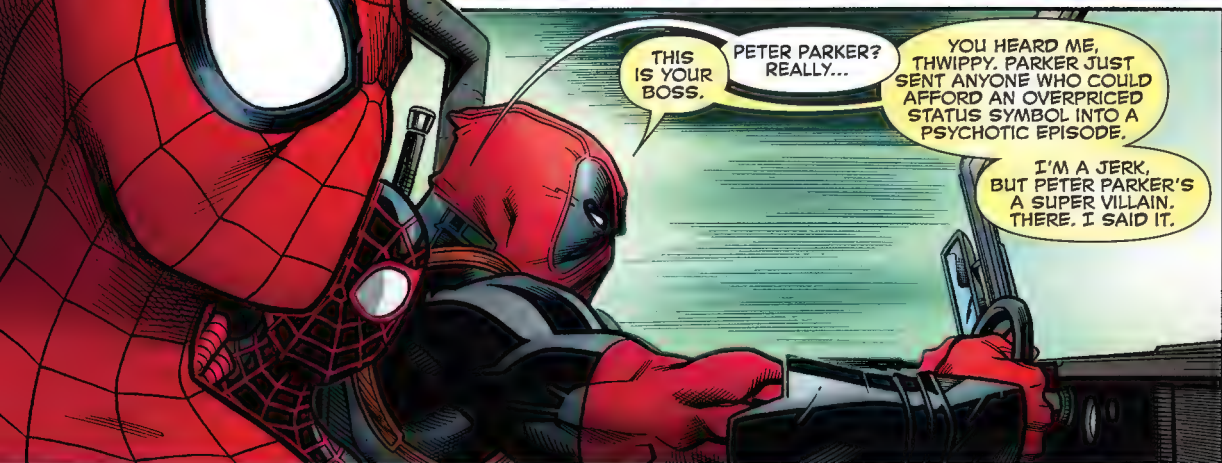
HOTTEST NEW TECH ON THE BLOCK SEEMED A LIKELY CULPRIT.

SOMEONE HACKED THE WEBWARE NETWORK AND REVERSED THE BIOMETRIC INTERFACE--

YEAH... "SOMEONE."

INSTEAD OF COMPILING INFORMATION FROM THE DEVICES, IT'S PROJECTING INFORMATION INTO THE USERS' BRAINS--

DIABOLICAL. DEVIOUS. DEVASTATINGLY DESTRUCTIVE TO THE DENIZENS--OH, DAMN, I'M DOING IT AGAIN.



THIS IS YOUR BOSS.

PETER PARKER? REALLY...

YOU HEARD ME, THWIPPY. PARKER JUST SENT ANYONE WHO COULD AFFORD AN OVERPRICED STATUS SYMBOL INTO A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE.

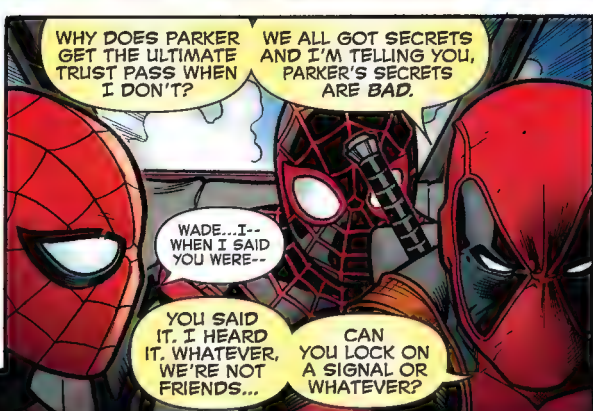
I'M A JERK, BUT PETER PARKER'S A SUPER VILLAIN. THERE, I SAID IT.



I CAN GUARANTEE WITH ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAINTY THAT PETER PARKER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.

SAYS THE GUY SUCKING AT HIS MAN-TEAT FOR EMPLOYMENT.

WHY ARE YOU SO OBSESSED WITH PETER PARKER?



WHY DOES PARKER GET THE ULTIMATE TRUST PASS WHEN I DON'T?

WE ALL GOT SECRETS AND I'M TELLING YOU, PARKER'S SECRETS ARE BAD.

WADE...I-- WHEN I SAID YOU WERE--

YOU SAID IT. I HEARD IT. WHATEVER, WE'RE NOT FRIENDS...

CAN YOU LOCK ON A SIGNAL OR WHATEVER?



P-PLEASE... P-PEOPLE ARE GOING TO GET HURT. THE SYSTEM W-WAS NEVER MEANT--

OF COURSE IT WAS.

PARKER DIDN'T REALIZE THE POWER AT HIS DISPOSAL. IT'S FUNNY...

...HOW WE FOOL OURSELVES INTO BELIEVING OUR OWN ILLUSIONS.



HE BELIEVES
HE IS A GOOD
MAN. THIS CITY
BELIEVES PARKER
IS A GOOD
MAN...

...BUT LIKE
ANY ILLUSION,
A SHIFT IN
PERSPECTIVE
REVEALS ALL.

THE MISDIRECTION
WILL COME AT A GRAVE
COST. WHEN THE BODIES
BEGIN TO PILE AND
CHOKE THE STREETS...

...EVERYONE
WILL KNOW THE
TRUE FACE OF
THE MONSTER.

SO SWEARS

MYSTERIO!



I'LL SHUT
DOWN THE WEBWARE
TRANSMISSION SIGNAL
AND LOCK UP PARKER'S
NETWORK.

LOOK FOR
MYSTERIO. NO
WAY IT WAS
THAT EASY--

BLOOD
ISN'T LIKE COKE,
RIGHT? I JUST
GOT THIS PAINT
JOB--



DEADPOOL!



OH, ALL RIGHT! IT'S
PROBABLY A STUPID
ROBOT OR SOMETHING
ANYWAY!

TIKTAK



WHY DID I
JUST SPEND
FIVE MINUTES
IN ABJECT
TERROR?

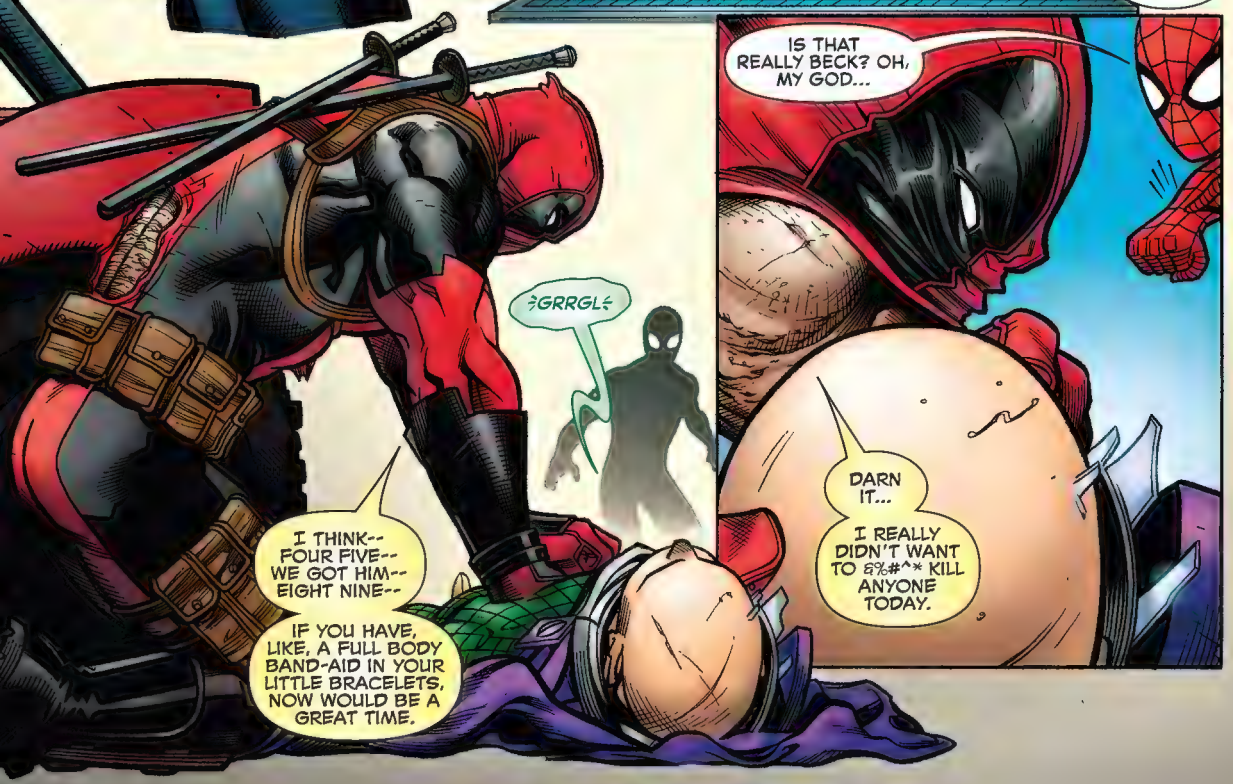
MYSTERIO
HACKED THE
WEBWARE NETWORK
AND REVERSED
THE INFORMATION
FLOW.

IT'S CONTAINED,
BUT RUN A FULL
SYSTEMS CHECK, PREP
EMERGENCY RESPONSE AND
DON'T EVEN MENTION
P.R. TO ME.

WADE, LOCK
AND LOAD OR
WHATEVER YOU
DO BEFORE
YOU GO INTO
BATTLE.

IF I KNOW
MYSTERIO, THINGS
ARE ABOUT TO
GET VERY...

...WEIRD.



IS THAT
REALLY BECK? OH,
MY GOD...

GRRL

I THINK--
FOUR FIVE--
WE GOT HIM--
EIGHT NINE--

IF YOU HAVE,
LIKE, A FULL BODY
BAND-AID IN YOUR
LITTLE BRACELETS,
NOW WOULD BE A
GREAT TIME.

DARN
IT...

I REALLY
DIDN'T WANT
TO KILL
ANYONE
TODAY.

A comic book panel showing Deadpool in the foreground, seen from behind, looking into a high-tech facility. In the background, several men in white lab coats and masks are working. One man is being restrained by a mechanical arm. Another man is holding a device. The facility has red and blue lighting and various mechanical components.

SPANK MY
FANNY AND CALL
ME A RUMP
ROAST...

MISTER
PARKER! W-WE
SAW THERE WAS A
DISTURBANCE.

I ASSURE
YOU--

THAT ISN'T
PARKER.

NO...
NO, I'M
NOT.

LOCKDOWN!

DON'T FRET,
NERDS. I'M JUST
THE HEALTH INSPECTOR.
ARE WE ALL WASHING
FOR 30
SECONDS?

ALERT
PARKER! WE
HAVE BEEN--OH,
GOD...THAT'S
DEADPOOL...

OH, NO...
YOU FELLAS
SEEM TO HAVE
A FEW MINOR
VIOLATIONS. NO
SNEEZE GUARD
ON THE SALAD
BAR...

THAT INTESTINE-
STRETCHER DOESN'T
LOOK PROPERLY
SANITIZED...

AND ALL OF
YOUR GUINEA
PIGS APPEAR TO BE
OF THE UNWILLING-
HUMAN VARIETY.

I'M GONNA
HAVE TO CITE
YOU FOR THAT
ONE. SORRY.

OVERRIDE
SAFETY PROTOCOLS!
FIRE AT WILL! FIRE
AT WILL!

I'M GONNA
GET TO THAT...
FIRST I'M GONNA
FLAY AT WILL...
CHOP AT WILL.

IF YOU GROW
FAINT AT THE SIGHT
OF YOUR OWN PARTS
HITTING THE FLOOR, I
SUGGEST YOU SHOOT
YOURSELF IN THE HEAD
IMMEDIATELY.

BUT REALLY
I HOPE YOU
DON'T.

YEAAAAGH!

YEAH, SORRY.
NORMALLY I MAKE
MORE JOKES BEFORE
THE AMPUTATIONS
START. I'LL MAKE IT
UP TO YOU...

...GOTTA
MAKE A CALL
FIRST. VOICE
DIAL...

"CLIENT
PATIENT ZERO."

BOLEET

"SPEAK."

"YEAH, HI...DEADPOOL.
SORRY FOR THE NOISE.
I'M MAKING A LOT OF
GUYS WISH THEY'D
NEVER BEEN BORN."

"I DID NOT
EXPECT TO HEAR
FROM YOU. HAVE
YOU CONSIDERED
MY REQUEST...?"

YEAH.
I'M IN. ALL
IN.

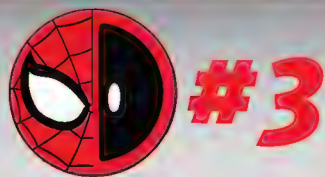
THANK
YOU...I CAN'T--
THANK YOU.

SERIOUSLY?
IT'LL BE MY
PLEASURE PUTTING
PARKER IN THE
GROUND.

HAVE
A NICE
DAY.

END OF ISSUE #2.

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL®

003 **MARVEL**

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:

IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL, WELCOME! YOU CAME LATE TO THE PARTY, BUT WE STILL LOVE YOU AND ACCEPT YOU TO OUR BOSOM WITH OPEN BOSOMS.

NEXT TIME WE DO A #1, BUY THREE SO YOU DON'T FIND YOURSELF IN THIS SITUATION AGAIN.

IF YOU SEEK TO LOSE YOURSELF IN OUR EPIC TALE YET YOU CANNOT BORROW COPIES OF ISSUES ONE AND TWO FROM A FRIEND OR COLLEAGUE, THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE FOR YOU:

- DEADPOOL AND SPIDEY DO NOT GET ALONG EXTREMELY WELL! (SPIDEY SORT OF HATES DEADPOOL...)
- A MYSTERY PLAYER HAS HIRED DEADPOOL TO KILL PETER PARKER!
- MYSTERIO SUCCESSFULLY TOOK OVER NEW YORK USING PARKER INDUSTRIES TECH TO GENERATE A MASS HALLUCINATION. SO DEADPOOL HIT HIM WITH HIS CAR! HEROIC!
- HE'S NOT ALL BAD, THOUGH. DEADPOOL SAVED MYSTERIO'S LIFE, AND SPIDEY HAS BEGUN TO THINK DIFFERENTLY ABOUT THE MERC.

BEWARE PIRACY! SAY NO TO TORRENTS AND BURN THE WITCHES WHO CRAFT COUNTERFEIT COMICS! AND NOW...ENJOY THE SWEET TASTE OF AUTHENTICITY.

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

JOE KELLY WRITER • **ED MCGUINNESS** PENCILER • **MARK MORALES** INKER
JASON KEITH COLOR ARTIST • **VC'S JOE SABINO** LETTERER
ED MCGUINNESS AND JASON KEITH COVER ARTISTS CLIFF CHIANG VARIANT COVER ARTIST
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DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND **FABIAN NIECIEZA**

AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

"IT'S NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE, REALLY. FIFTY-THREE BONES SHATTERED. PUNCTURED LUNG. SPLEEN. HEAD TRAUMA.

"WHETHER OR NOT HE DESERVES IT..."

QUENTIN BECK GETS A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE.

AND IT REALLY IS BECK ACCORDING TO THE DNA CROSS-REF WITH INTERPOL, THE FBI, NEW YORK STATE AND THE BOY SCOUTS. PERFECT MATCH.

NOT AN ILLUSION, NOT A DREAM... MYSTERIO IS DOWN.

I HEAR DEADPOOL SAVED HIS LIFE.

HE ALSO ACCIDENTALLY RAN HIM OVER WITH A WEAPONIZED DUNE BUGGY.

NOT A FAN?

NEVER GAVE HIM MUCH THOUGHT. DO YOU KNOW I INVENTED THESE MED-SCANNERS? DO YOU LIKE SCIENCE, DOCTOR--?

DANDYGRAM!

GOT THE COMA BLUES? DR. DEADPOOL HAS JUST THE CURE FOR YOU!

I'M GONNA PLAY THAT SHIA LABEOUF "JUST DO IT!" MEME UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AND RIP YOUR OWN EARS OFF--



UHH...
LIKE, PETER
PARKER.

DEADPOOL...
OR DO YOU PREFER
MR. POOL? HEH.

YEAH, NO.
BRUH. JUST
DEADPOOL.

OH. MY.
GOSH! NO ONE
IS EVER GOING
TO BELIEVE
THIS!



WHY IS HE
LOOKING AT ME
SO WEIRD? DOES
HE KNOW? HE
KNOWS.

HE CAN'T
KNOW. HE'S
DEADPOOL! HE'S
AN IDIOT!

P.S. THANKS
FOR COMING IN
JUST AS I WAS GOING
TO ASK THE DOCTOR
OUT FOR DINNER.
YOU MORON.



THAT
NURSE IS
HOT.

SHE'S A
DOCTOR.

A NURSE
DOCTOR? THAT'S
SILLY.

SO, ARE WE
KILLING PARKER
NOW OR LATER? AND
AS AN ADDENDUM,
WILL WE HAVE TO
KILL THE NURSE
TOO?

I AM SO
SEXIST. AND
NO. PROBABLY
NOT. MAYBE.



SO, YOU WERE
ABOUT TO THANK
ME FOR CLOCKING
MYSTERIO WITH
MY BOSS DEAD-
BUGGY?

FOR SAVING
NEW YORK,
ACTUALLY...

IS A
"DEAD-BUGGY"
ANYTHING LIKE A
SPIDER-BUGGY BUT
WITH A DIFFERENT
PAINT JOB?



YOU'RE
FUNNY. MUST
BE THE THIN AIR
UP IN YOUR IVORY
TOWER.

EXCUSE
ME?

SORRY, I
DIGRESS. LET
ME GET TO
THE POINT--



EASY THERE, KILLER. NO TOUCHY THE BOSS WITHOUT A HEALTHY DOSE OF HAND SANITIZER!

I KNOW WHERE YOUR HANDS HAVE BEEN.

HEY...SPIDEY-ER-MAN. I TOTALLY KNEW YOU WERE THERE BUT YOUR BOSS IS SO CAPTIVATING WITH HIS WORDS AND STUFF.

SAY FRICTION AGAIN, SLOWER AND IN A SEXY "MOST INTERESTING MAN IN THE WORLD" VOICE.

SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT... ANYWAY--

--THIS IS GOOD TIMING. SPIDER-MAN WAS TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR PAST...FRICTION--

HE WAS WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT YOU'D REALLY CHANGED.

IF YOU REALLY DID TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, WELL...I THINK IT WOULD BE WORTH A LOOK.

YOU TWO SHOULD HANG OUT.

YEAHHHHH... YUP. LIKE, CHILL.

THIS IS FOR REAL? NOT LIKE "MY STUCK-UP BOSS (NO OFFENSE) GAVE ME A BOOT-LICKING ASSIGNMENT (NO OFFENSE) TO HANG WITH A MUCH COOLER HERO (NO OFFENSE)"?

HISTORY IN THE MAKING! LET'S CAPTURE THE MOMENT!

HEY, DOC, SINCE EVERYONE'S MAKING PLANS--

FOR REAL.

MARRIED. SORRY. SMILE!

WELCOME TO YOUR HANDY CHARACTER CHART, NAVIGATING THE WORLD OF SPIDEY-POOL--

HOBIE BROWN POSES AS SPIDEY ON OCCASION SO PETE AND SPIDEY CAN BE IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER...

DEADPOOL WAS WEARING A MASK OVER HIS MASK PAYING HOMAGE TO CLOWN DOCTORS EVERYWHERE.

THIS DOCTOR WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN, BUT SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED.

PETER PARKER IS ACTUALLY SPIDER-MAN. BUT...

ONE DAY, MANY PREPARATIONS AND MORE THAN A FEW BOYISH SQUEALS LATER...

YOU WANT TO GET TO KNOW THE REAL ME? DOWN BENEATH THE SEXY AND THE MUSCLES AND THE PERFECT BONE STRUCTURE--YOU'RE GONNA GET IT.

WELCOME TO DEADPOOL FOR A DAY! WHAT I DO, YOU DO!

ASIDE FROM DOO-DOO, WHICH I'M SURE YOU DO TOO, BUT THAT'S NOT ON THE MENU, SO YOU DO YOU AND I'LL DO DOO--

THERE WILL BE RULES.

DO WE GET TO PICK OUR OWN SAFE WORDS? MINE'S "DO IT AGAIN."



I GOT YOU A PRESENT. MADE IT MYSELF.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I'VE BEEN SHOT ON A FIRST DATE--

YOU EARNED A SECOND CHANCE WITH ME AFTER THE MYSTERIO INCIDENT...

BUT I'M NOT AN IDIOT.

ONLY WAY I'M GONNA BE PERSUADED YOU'VE CHANGED IS 110% TRUTH.

CAN WE AGREE ON "TRUTHINESS"?

I'LL GET OUT HERE--

KIDDING! I KID! TRUTH IS NOT A PROBLEM--

FOR THE LOVE OF BLUE IVY!

WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS A LOT SOONER. I'M ALREADY SMILING.

YEAH. THIS IS PERF-- FFFCHHH!

WITHOUT GETTING TECHNICAL, IT'S A LIE DETECTOR BUILT INTO A SPIDER-TRACER.



A JARRING TRANSITION
AND CALAMITOUS
EIGHTEEN MINUTES
LATER...

KIDS ARE REALLY
UNAPPRECIATIVE.

UN-FREAKING-
BELIEVABLE.

I HOPE THIS
DOESN'T COME
AS TOO MUCH OF
A SHOCK, BUT
WE'RE DONE
HERE--

AND YES, I
USED "SHOCK"
ON PURPOSE TO
RUB IT IN.

WAIT! ON
THE REALS...DID I
ARRANGE A CHARITY
EVENT TO IMPRESS
YOU AND LIE THAT
THIS IS THE NORM?
YES, TRUTH. IT WAS
NOT MY FINEST
HOUR.

BUT YOU PUT ME UNDER A LOT
OF PRESSURE WITH THE ZAPPY
TRUTH THING AND ALL OF
YOUR PIERCING
QUESTIONS!

I ONLY GOT
TO ASK "WHAT'S
YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?"
BEFORE THE THWIP
HIT THE FAN.

WHY'S IT
GOT TO BE
ABOUT COLOR,
MAN?

GLAD TO SEE
YOU TOOK THIS
SO SERIOUSLY,
WADE.

I DO! I
AM! IT'S JUST...
HARD...

YOU WANT
TO SEE THE REAL
ME, FINE. NO FAKE
CHARITY SHOW.
NO B.S. JUST ME.

I'LL EVEN
STILL WEAR YOUR
EVIL BROOCH OF
TRUTH...BUT YOU
HAVE TO COME
WITH ME TO
WORK.

WHERE?

A HYPERSONIC FLIGHT TO BOLIVIA ON DEADPOOL'S WICKED-COOL DEAD-JET LATER...

YOU KNOW, I'M AN ENTREPRENEUR. WHEN I'M NOT SELLING URINAL PUCKS WITH THE HULK'S FACE ON THEM I HAVE A CREW OF GUYS WHO TAKE ON GIGS, SPREADING GOOD ACROSS THE GLOBE...

DEADPOOL'S MERES FOR MONEY!
(PATENT PENDING.)

TODAY, MY ELITE TEAM OF LOVABLE BUT DEADLY BUT STILL PRETTY MUCH GOOD GUYS ARE ON MISSION IN THE HEART OF BOLIVIA.

A SMALL CITY DOWN THERE HAS BEEN SET UPON BY AN OPPRESSIVE RELIGIOUS GROUP, HEAVILY ARMED...

...AND THIS ISN'T EVEN TEXAS, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

THE "CULT OF ENTROPY" AND THEY LITERALLY WANT NOTHING BUT TO SALT THE EARTH WHEREVER THEY GO. IT'S A KIND OF CRAZY EVEN I DON'T SEE THE HUMOR IN.

THIS IS A REMOTE AREA THAT THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT, SO THE PEOPLE HERE NEED A DIFFERENT KIND OF HELP.

WE'RE USING THE RUBBER BULLETS, RIGHT? NON-LETHAL?

THIS IS INSANE! THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM!

SO YOU'RE SAYING WE SHOULD BE USING LIVE AMMO--?

I DID NOT SAY THAT!

NEITHER DID I.





DEADPOOL'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH. A TRUE LEADER.

I'M PROUD TO CALL HIM A FRIEND.

THANK YOU FOR THAT UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY, STINGRAY--



I KNOW HE'S HAD HIS ISSUES IN THE PAST, BUT WHO HASN'T? WORD ON THE STREET IS EVEN YOU WEREN'T YOURSELF FOR A WHILE.

DP'S TURNED AROUND A BUNCH OF LIVES... ESPECIALLY MINE.

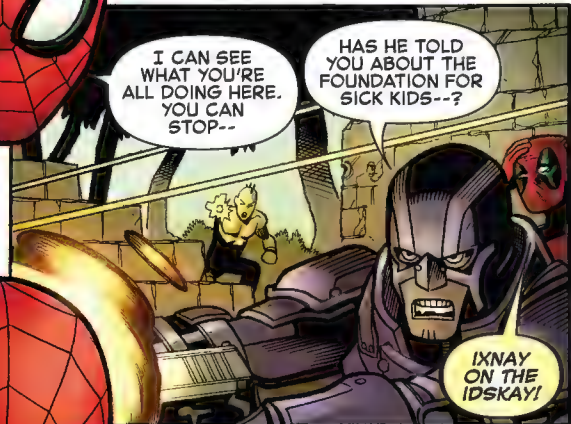
YEAH... GUYS, CAN WE FOCUS ON THE MANIAC ARMY, PLEASE--?



I--UH--I HAVE A PURPOSE. I HAVE FOUND A CALLING. WORKING FOR DEADPOOL FILLS ME WITH PROBES--

PRIDE! HE MEANT "PRIDE."

SORRY, MY ARM GOT SWEATY.



I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE ALL DOING HERE. YOU CAN STOP--

HAS HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FOUNDATION FOR SICK KIDS--?

IXNAY ON THE IDSKAY!



MIGHT AS WELL GET THROUGH THE TESTIMONIAL... YOU GOT ANYTHING TO ADD, REHAB OBNOXIO?

SOMETIMES I CAN'T TELL IF THE VOICES IN MY HEAD ARE FROM THE CAT PLANET OR IF THE VEGETABLE KING IS CALLING ME HOME TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER BROCCOLINI...

AND DEADPOOL IS DANK.



IS HE PAYING YOU TO SAY ALL THIS?

BY THE WORD, CALABASAS!

NO, I'M--GAZZKT!



AND FINALLY... LAY IT ON ME, DIME-STORE DEADPOOL.

EN ACTUALIDAD, SEÑOR, ME LLAMO MASACRE. COSÍ MI UNIFORME A MANO EN HONOR DE DEADPOOL.

Y MIENTRAS QUE ÉL NOS HA OFRECIDO EL PAGO PARA HABLAR EN SU NOMBRE, ESTE TESTIMONIO YO DOY LIBREMENTE.



DEADPOOL NO ES UN GRAN HOMBRE. APENAS ES UN HOMBRE BUENO... PERO ÉL TRATA.

QUIZÁS, SI PONES TUS CRÍTICAS AL LADO... ÉL TE PUEDE SORPRENDER.



WITH ME, WALL-CRAWLER AND SPANDEX-STUFFER! MERCS! HANDLE THE LIGHT WORK!

MISTER SPIDEY AND I ARE GONNA FIGURATIVELY CUT OFF THE HEAD OF THIS BEAST! KI-YAAH!

THAT HORSE IS NOT NORMALLY PART OF THE OPERATION. IS IT?

AY GENTE QUE AMAN DEMASIADO. SOLO... MANTENGA UNA MENTE ABIERTA.

SO, ARE YOU GROOVING ON MY JAMS YET?

A VILLAGE OF HUMBLE FARMERS HIRES A BUNCH OF ODDBALL HEROES TO PROTECT THEM AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS!

I'M YOJIMBOING ALL OVER THIS JOINT!

YOU MEAN SEVEN SAMURAI.

THERE ARE EIGHT OF US. YOJIMBO IS "EIGHT" IN JAPANESE, I'M SURE. IT WAS A SEQUEL.

I REALLY SHOULD HAVE PUT A STUPIDITY SENSOR IN THAT WEB-TRACKER.

SLOW DOWN, DEADPOOL! MY SPIDER-SENSE--WHOA!!!

THIS WAS NOT IN YOJIMBO!

NO WORRIES. STUCK THE LANDING. NEXT, WE STICK IT TO--

HAVE YOU
HEARD THE
GOOD WORD,
CHILDREN?

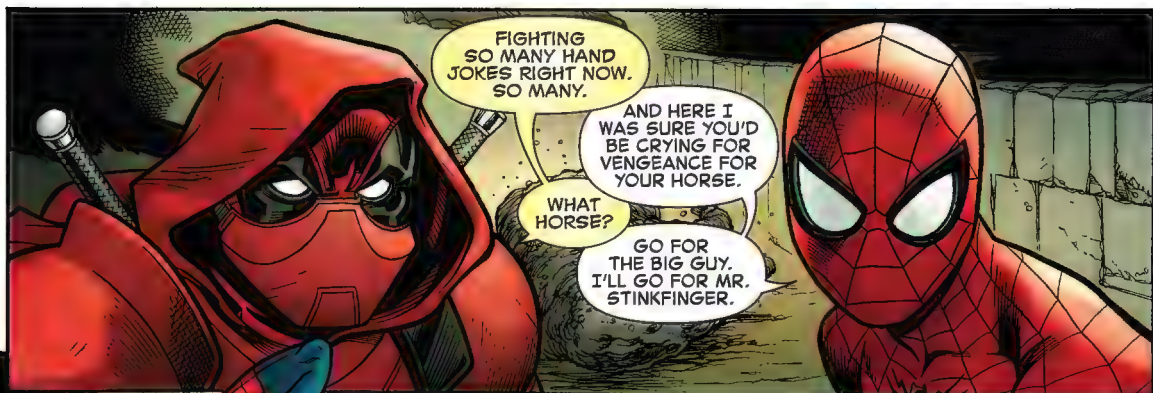
THE WORLD
HAS ALREADY
ENDED. YOU CAN
LAY DOWN YOUR
ARMS AND
REST.

LET
STYX AND STONE
GUIDE YOU TO
THE ETERNAL
NOTHING.



I'VE RUN
INTO THESE
CHUCKLE-HEADS
BEFORE. WEREN'T
QUITE AS SCREAM-O...
OR BACKED BY
A CULT.

SOME PEOPLE
MAKE POOR LIFE
CHOICES. I BET IT'S
SPELLED S-T-Y-X
INSTEAD OF 'STICKS'.
IS IT? THAT'S
A SIGN.



FIGHTING
SO MANY HAND
JOKES RIGHT NOW.
SO MANY.

AND HERE I
WAS SURE YOU'D
BE CRYING FOR
VENGEANCE FOR
YOUR HORSE.

WHAT
HORSE?

GO FOR
THE BIG GUY.
I'LL GO FOR MR.
STINKFINGER.



WITH HANDS
LIKE THOSE I
WOULD HAVE POINTED
YOU TOWARDS PIANO
OR COUGH CRACK
EXCAVATOR IF I WAS
YOUR GUIDANCE
COUNSELOR.

OR BOTH. A
WITHERED OLD
PIANIST FISHING
BETWEEN THE
CUSHIONS FOR
HIS NUTS.

UNBELIEVERS
ALL MAKE JEST
IN THE COLD OF
THE BLACK
SUN...

...AND
EVENTUALLY FIND
NOTHING BUT
SILENCE.



I'LL GIVE YOU
THIS. YOU GOT THE
CREEPY RAP OF A
RELIGIOUS FANATIC
DOWN PAT.

POLITICIAN
WOULD HAVE
BEEN ANOTHER
JOB OPTION.

WEBS
ARE HOLDING,
'POOL. I THINK
HIS GROSSNESS
ONLY WORKS ON
ORGANICS.

THAT'S
ACADEMICALLY
INTERESTING. SO
IS THIS FUN
FACT...



SECOND RATE
THING TURNS
KEVLAR INTO
CONCRETE.

ALL TURNS
TO DUST IN
THE END.

INCOMING!

EXHILARATING
AS YOUR ATTACK
MAY BE, SURELY THE
GREAT SPIDER-MAN
KNOWS THAT IT WILL
BE FRUITLESS...

...ALL
THINGS DIE.
THE UNIVERSE IS
MEANINGLESS.

YEAHAARGH!

AND WE'VE
GOT A POWER
COUPLE. ONE
DISSOLVES ORGANICS.
THE OTHER DOES
THE REST.

YOU
CAN HEAL
FROM HAVING
YOUR GUTS
ROTTED OUT.
RIGHT?

HEAL
HEALHEAL
HEAL!

WE NEED
TO FALL
BACK...

BECAUSE TO
BE CLEAR, EVEN
THOUGH THEY ARE
CREEPY AS HELL
AND CAPABLE OF TURNING
US INTO MULCH,
WE'RE NOT JUST
KILLING THEM?

YOU
GOT IT,
BUCKO.

AS A NEWLY
MINTED HERO I
HAVE TO SAY THAT'S
A STUPID IDEA.
JUST SAYIN'.

BOOM

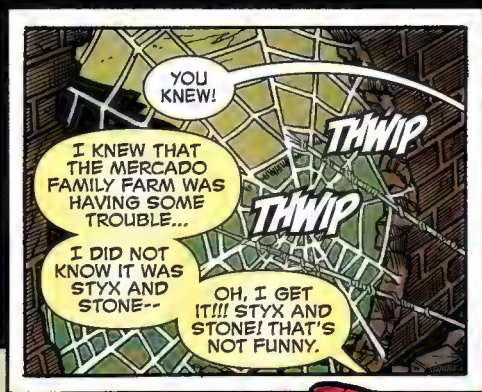


WATCH OUT!
THERE ARE
INNOCENTS IN--
HERE?



THIS IS A
DRUG LAB! ARE
WE PROTECTING
A DRUG
CARTEL?

IF I SAID "THEIR
CHECK CLEARED"
THAT WOULD NOT BE A
SUITABLE ANSWER,
WOULD IT?



YOU
KNEW!

I KNEW THAT
THE MERCADO
FAMILY FARM WAS
HAVING SOME
TROUBLE...

I DID NOT
KNOW IT WAS
STYX AND
STONE--

OH, I GET
IT!!! STYX AND
STONE! THAT'S
NOT FUNNY.

THWIP
THWIP



WE'RE
FIGHTING
FOR DRUG
DEALERS!

REALLY--?
GEEZ, DUDE,
OPEN YOUR
EYES...



MOVE--
AAARRGH!!!

YOU STOLE
MY PIRATE
YELL! MOTHER
%*8#%\$!



THIS LAND HAS ALREADY ROTTEN BENEATH YOUR FEET. WHY FIGHT TO PROTECT IT?

THEY POISON THEMSELVES. YOUR LANDS. THE EARTH... LET US WIPE IT ALL AWAY AND START ANEW.

PHILOSOPHICALLY YOU HAVE A POINT, BUT AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, "THE CHECK CLEARED--"

HE'S GOIN' FOR ANOTHER POKE!

IT'S IMPOLITE TO POINT!

AND I AM ABOUT TO HAVE A MORAL HIGH HORSE MOMENT, SO BACK OFF!!!



SWITCH PARTNERS!



WE'RE NOT HERE HELPING SCARFACE OR PABLO ESCOBAR. LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE--

--IT'S COOK DRUGS OR GET SHOT FOR HALF OF THEM. THEN IT'S GET SHOT OR FARM DRUGS FOR THE OTHER HALF.



WE DON'T ALL GET TO BE WHITE GUYS IN AMERICA. WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS FOR THEIR OWN SURVIVAL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MORE DEPRESSING... THAT...

...OR THE FACT YOU HAVE AN ARTICULATE GRASP OF A COMPLEX SITUATION.

RIDDLE FOR ANOTHER TIME. PLAN?

YES...

NORMALLY THAT'S THE RALLYING CRY FOR A HELL OF A PARTY...

...BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADING.



ENTROPY IS
A BASIC PRINCIPLE
OF THE UNIVERSE,
SURE I SEE THE
ATTRACTION...

HNNGH

...BUT IT TAKES
EONS, AND IT AIN'T
HALF AS STRONG AS
HOPE. MY PHILOSOPHY
OF CHOICE.

NOT SO MUCH
INTO MORALITY AS
MUCH AS STABBING,
BUT WHAT HE
SAID.

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD
YET?! MY TOUCH SENDS
ALL TO THEIR
END!

BECAUSE
HEALING FACTOR...BUT
IF IT HELPS YOUR EGO,
YOUR FINGER ACTION
HURTS ME.

ABOMINATION!

STONE!
HELP!

SORRY, BUT
STONE CAN'T COME
TO THE FIGHT RIGHT
NOW BECAUSE I JUST
DOUSED HIM IN
SODIUM HYDROXIDE
SOLUTION--

KTHOK

--WHICH DOES
A NICE JOB
NEUTRALIZING PESKY
ACIDIC DEATH-TOUCHES,
AT LEAST LONG
ENOUGH FOR A--

**DOUBLE
HERO K.O!!!**

WE...WE ARE
UNDONE, STONE.
RETREAT...

WHAT A BUNCH
OF NAMBY PAMBY...
ONE BONE SHATTERING
PUNCH AND THEY'RE
BACK TO THE CULT-
CLUBHOUSE.

WE GONNA
CHASE--? OH...
WADE...

YEAH. I CALL
THIS MY SWISS
CHEESE LOOK...DON'T
WORRY. HEALING
FACTOR'S WORKING...
BASICALLY...

WE COULD
MAYBE SCORE
SOME OF THEIR
PRODUCT--?

THEN
I NEED
HELP...

YOU THINK
THEY'RE GONNA
KEEP DOING WHAT
THEY'RE DOING?

PROBABLY.
NOT MY BUSINESS.
I DON'T HAVE THE
POWER TO CHANGE
ALL OF BOLIVIA,
FOR PITY'S
SAKE...

IT WOULD TAKE
SOMEONE WITH A
BUTT-TON OF MONEY
AND POWER TO DO
SOME REAL WORK
DOWN HERE.

IT WOULD
BE COOL IF WE
KNEW SOMEONE
LIKE THAT...TONY
STARK?

HE'S
BROKE-ASS
POOR. P.S. MY
MERC'S HAVE THE
CULT WRAPPED UP,
THANKS FOR
ASKING.

GOOD. CAN WE GO
HOME NOW?

ALMOST.

ALMOST?

YEAH,
IT'S THURSDAY,
DUH.

DO I
WANT TO KNOW
WHAT THURSDAY
MEANS?

A PAGE TURN AND ONE
HYPERSONIC FLIGHT
FROM BOLIVIA LATER...

WHOA. I'M
NOT GETTING ANY
SIGNALS IN OR OUT,
HERE. GPS, WEB, AND
SATELLITE WENT
WONKY AT THE
FENCE--

JAMMED. THIS
PLACE DOESN'T
EXIST ELECTRONICALLY.
FROM SPACE ALL YOU
SEE IS A CRAPPY
ROOF MISSING A
FEW SHINGLES.

LAST
STOP ON THE
TOUR.

LET ME
GUESS...SUPER-
MERC SPEAKEASY?
ALIEN STRIP
CLUB?

YOU
GOT A DIRTY
MIND.

I LEARNED
IT FROM YOU,
DAD.

HEH. YOU
DON'T KNOW
HOW FUNNY
THAT IS.

THERE
SHE IS. RIGHT
ON TIME. SHE
DOESN'T EVEN
USE A WATCH...

SERIOUSLY?
YOU'RE BOOKENDING
THIS CLUSTER-FIESTA
WITH KIDS AND
PUPPIES?

I THOUGHT
WE WERE TRYING
THE TRUTH ON
FOR SIZE--

DADDY?

SAYWHAT
NOWLITTLE
GIRL?



HEY,
ELLIE-BELLY.

HOW
WAS YOUR
WEEK?

I GOT AN 'A' IN
SOCIAL STUDIES AND
BRIAN THREW SPAGHETTI
IN MY HAIR BUT I DIDN'T
STAB HIM EVEN THOUGH I
WANTED TO AND THE NEW
SQUIRREL GIRL COMES
ON TONIGHT--CAN I
WATCH IT?

HEH, SURE.
AFTER ICE CREAM
DINNER...FIRST I
WANT YOU TO MEET
SOMEONE.

WADE,
DON'T--



UNCLE
SPIDEY?!

YEAH,
UNCLE SPIDEY,
THIS DYNAMO-IN-
TRAINING IS
ELLIE.

MY
DAUGHTER.

NICE TO
MEET YOU,
ELLIE--



YOU
KNOW WHO I
AM, SILLY! DADDY
TALKS ABOUT
YOU ALL THE
TIME!

DID HE
TELL YOU I
GOT A MEDAL
FOR SWIMMING
LAST WEEK?

...
YEAH. HE
DID. GOOD
JOB.



HOW WAS
WORK TODAY,
DADDY?

OH, IT WAS
AN EPIC UNICORN
BATTLE. RAINBOW
CANNONS. THERE WAS A
FAIRY AIR FORCE BATTALION
INVOLVED TOO, BUT THEY
LIKE TO BE CALLED
"AIR ELVES" NOW...

HE NEVER
TELLS ME THE
TRUTH ABOUT
HIS FIGHTS, UNCLE
SPIDEY. HE THINKS
I CAN'T HANDLE
IT.



DADDY LOVES YOU! HE SAYS
THAT YOU'RE BEST FRIENDS
AND CAPTAIN AMERICA
COULDN'T CLEAN YOUR
WEB-SHOOTERS--
MMF!

--AH, KIDS! CAN'T
YOU JUST EAT THEM
UP? HEH.

THIS
WAS A BAD
IDEA.



GO GET YOUR
BUBBLE BATH ON
AND IF WE HAVE TIME
WE CAN WATCH MORE
OF DRAG ME TO HELL
BEFORE BED.

DON'T COVER
YOUR EYES AT THE
SCARY PARTS! BYE,
UNCLE SPIDEY!



I DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT
HER FOR A LONG
TIME AND THEN,
POOF. INSTA-
DAUGHTER...

NO ONE
KNOWS.

ELLIE STAYS
HERE, SAFE...UNTIL
I STOP PLAYING THE
DUMB ASS AND TURN
INTO A REAL BOY.
MAYBE THEN I'LL
BE DADPOOL...

IS IT THAT
IMPOSSIBLE?

"PEOPLE
CHANGE.

"YOU WENT FROM HERO
OF THE STREETS TO
CORPORATE SHILL.
I'M A FATHER.

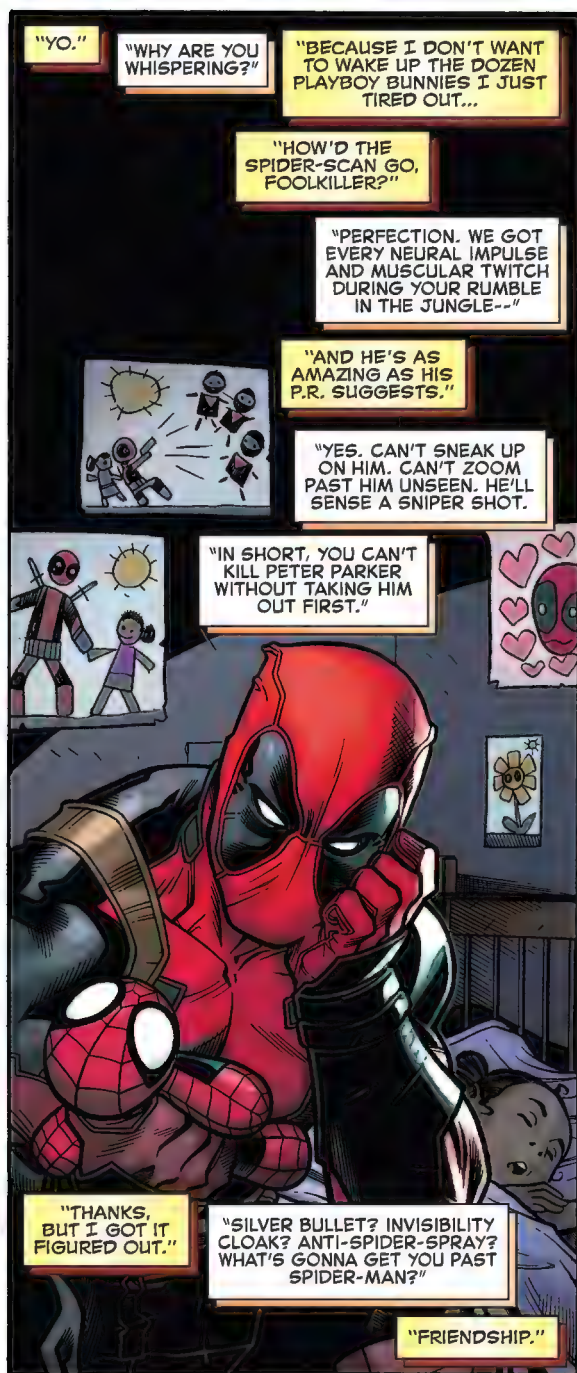
"THE WORLD'S %&#^\$
WEIRD. WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO TELL YOU?



"I HAD A
GOOD DAY.

"HOPE I PASSED YOUR
JUDGY TEST OF MY
CHARACTER OR
WHATEVER."

JUST WHEN
YOU THINK YOU
KNOW A GUY
YOU HATE...



**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL

004 **MARVEL**

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDDINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:

SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL HAVE NEVER BEEN BEST FRIENDS. IN FACT, YOU COULD SAY THAT SPIDER-MAN REALLY TOTALLY HATES EVERYONE'S FAVORITE WISECRACKING MERCENARY. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THEM FROM TEAMING UP WHEN MYSTERIO TARGETED PARKER INDUSTRIES! THE PAIR WERE ABLE TO STOP THE FISHBOWL-HEADED VILLAIN (MAINLY BY HITTING HIM WITH A DEADPOOL-THEMED DUNE BUGGY) AND DEADPOOL EVEN PULLED HIM FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH WITH MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION. IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE SPIDER-MAN THINK TWICE ABOUT JUST HOW BAD OF A DUDE HE THINKS DEADPOOL IS.

THINGS ARE PROBABLY GOING TO GET AKWARD WHEN SPIDER-MAN LEARNS THAT DEADPOOL'S BEEN HIRED TO KILL HIS PAL AND BOSS, PETER PARKER. IT'S GOING TO BE A BUMMER.

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

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JASON KEITH COLOR ARTIST • **VC'S JOE SABINO** LETTERER

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CAN YOU SAY THAT AGAIN, PLEASE?

I AM NOT SAYING IT IN A SEXY VOICE--

NO, IT'S JUST LOUD WHERE I AM. PEOPLE ARE GETTING--UM--"ADJUSTED."

FORGET I CALLED--

NO! HEAR THE MOANING? EVERYONE'S ALIVE! AVENGER'S HONOR!

SO, YOU WERE SAYING...?

?SIGH? I HAVE NOTHING GOING ON TONIGHT AND PARKER HAS ME IN NEW YORK...

SO DO YOU WANT TO, LIKE, HANG OUT?

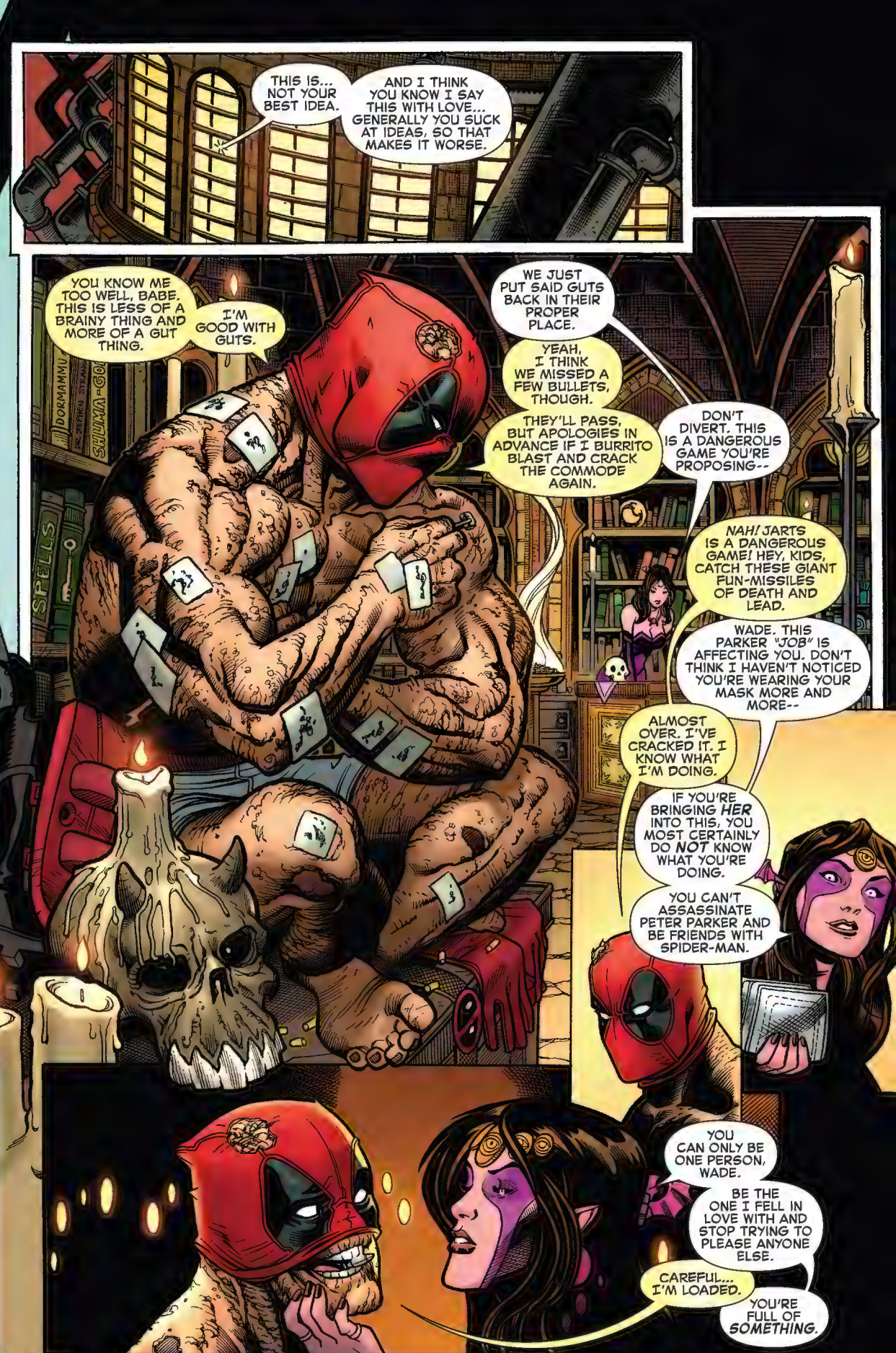
AND THIS ISN'T HAWKEYE BEING A JERK?

NO, IT'S SPIDER-MAN.

THE REAL ONE? NOT THE NEW KID OR A CLONE OR--

YES OR NO?!

I'LL TEXT YOU THE ADDRESS. WEAR COMFORTABLE SHOES.





ARE YOU READY FOR THE GREATEST NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE?!

I HOPE NOT, BECAUSE, SERIOUSLY, YOU SHOULD HAVE HIGHER ASPIRATIONS. STILL, I'VE GOT A FEW YUKS ON THE MENU.

IS THIS... IS THIS, LIKE, A CLUB?

IT'S AN ACTUAL CLUB! NOT THE KIND FOR BABY SEALS BUT FOR GETTIN' TURNT UP!

DID YOU THINK WE WERE GONNA GO PLAY BASEBALL OR SOMETHING? WE'RE ADULTS.

PLUS, THERE ARE LADIES IN THERE. VERY, PRETTY, LADIES.

SMELL ME, I'M DRENCHED IN HATCHET BODY SPRAY--

WADE, SPIDER-MAN CAN'T JUST GO CLUBBING! IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY!

AND BEFORE YOU ASK YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME OUT OF THIS MASK--

ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT WITH MY OWN BRAIN!

I RESPECT YOUR SECRET I.D.-THING. PLUS, I DON'T WANT YOU TO RUIN YOUR REP WITH YOUR BOSS IF THINGS GET...ROWDY.

SO... VOILA! IMAGE INDUCER! INSTANT PRIVACY.

THIS IS REALLY ADVANCED. IT WORKS?

I USED ONE FOR YEARS. NIGHTCRAWLER, TOO. PROJECTS ALTERED VISUAL DATA INTO CEREBRAL CORTICES AND OTHER BRAINY PSEUDO-SCIENCE TERMS.

IT WORKS IF YOU WORK IT. I CAME UP WITH AN ALIAS FOR YOU, TOO...



...LEONARDO DICAPRIO!

THE ACTOR? COME ON--

NO, OUR LEO IS THE RESPECTABLE OWNER OF A CHAIN OF ADULT NOVELTY STORES AND A RECENT DIVORCÉE.

TRUST ME ON THAT ONE, THE LADIES LOVE AN INJURED BIRD. I WROTE YOU A DOSSIER...



WOW, YOU REALLY THOUGHT THIS THROUGH. ALL SO WE COULD GO CLUBBING?

OKAY, TRUTH TIME, I HAD AN INTERN WRITE THE PROFILE, BUT YEAH... I DID PUT SOME THOUGHT INTO THIS.

YOU CAN'T HAVE FUN IF YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT YOUR MASK. WHAT'S THE POINT OF NON-BATTLING OFF-TIME IF WE'RE NOT HAVING FUN?

READY TO MEET YOURSELF, LEO?



YES, I--OH.

YOU DON'T LIKE THE SUIT? IT'S ON THE COVER OF MAXIMUM.

I...UH...I'M BLACK.

I KNOW! AWESOME, RIGHT? EVERYONE WANTS TO BE BLACK! BLACK IS THE NEW BLACK.

UNLESS YOU'RE RACIST...

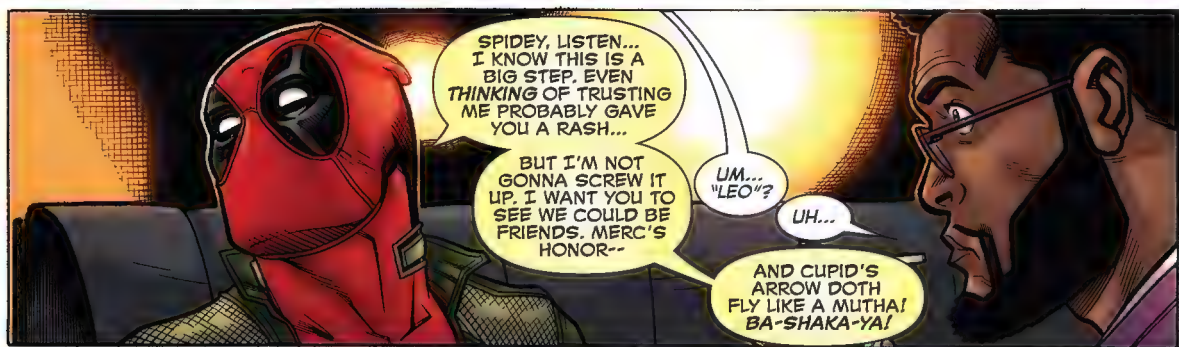
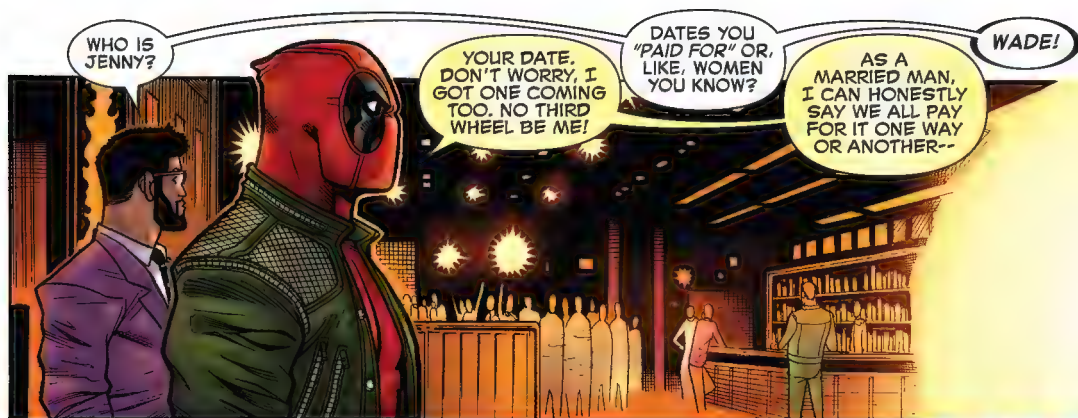
I'M NOT RACIST! I JUST--

GOOD, BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND RACISTS.

ALSO, JENNY'S PROFILE SAYS SHE GOES NUTS FOR BLACK GUYS.



WHAT?





LEO, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MY PAL, JENNY. TRY NOT TO TELL HER SHE'S HOT.

WADE!

WHAT? I'M BEING TOTES SENSITIVE AND APPRECIATIVE OF YOUR MIND...AND ITS PERFECT CASING.

?SIGH? HEY, LEO.

TELL ME THAT YOU'RE NOT AN IDIOT LIKE MOST OF WADE'S FRIENDS.



I--NO--HI-- WHOOPS!

NO IDIOT. JUST NERVOUS. SORT OF A SHUT-IN.

SHOW HIM A GOOD TIME, AND HELP HIM RELAX.



YEAH, WADE, UH, IS TRYING TO GET ME OUT OF MY SHELL--

I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A DATE IN A YEAR-AND-A-HALF.

THAT'S INCONCEIVABLE.

CHRONIC WORKAHOLIC. TRYING TO MAKE A CHANGE.



LET'S GET A ROUND AND TOAST TO CHANGE! DJ, MAKE SOME NOISE!!!

HE'S GONNA GET US KICKED OUT.

HEH. I DOUBT IT. IT'S HIS CLUB.



BOOM

THAT'S...
THAT'S A VERY
SPECIFIC LIST.

IF I'M
GETTIN' A
FREE PASS IT'S
GONNA BE FOR
SOMETHING
EPIC!

YOO-HOO!
OVER HERE,
BLONDIE!

THOR
IS YOUR
DATE? YOU'RE
MARRIED!

TOP FIVE
FREE-PASS LIST!
PRE-NEGOTIATED
AND SIGNED BY
SHIKLAH AGES
AGO. LOOK--

NEVER YOU
MIND...

WHAT'S
THAT NUMBER
5--?

- PRE-NEGOTIATED**
- 1 HILARY CLINTON
 - 2 THOR
 - 3 HELLCAT
 - 4 ZOMBEA ARTHUR
 - 5 SPID



"EMERGENCY"?
THERE'S NO
SUCH THING AS
AN "EMERGENCY
DATE."

DEADPOOL?!
WHAT BE THINE
EMERGENCY?

WE GOT A
CRISIS, THOR! TEN
BARRELS OF MEAD
AND NO NORSE
GODDESS TO
DRINK THEM!



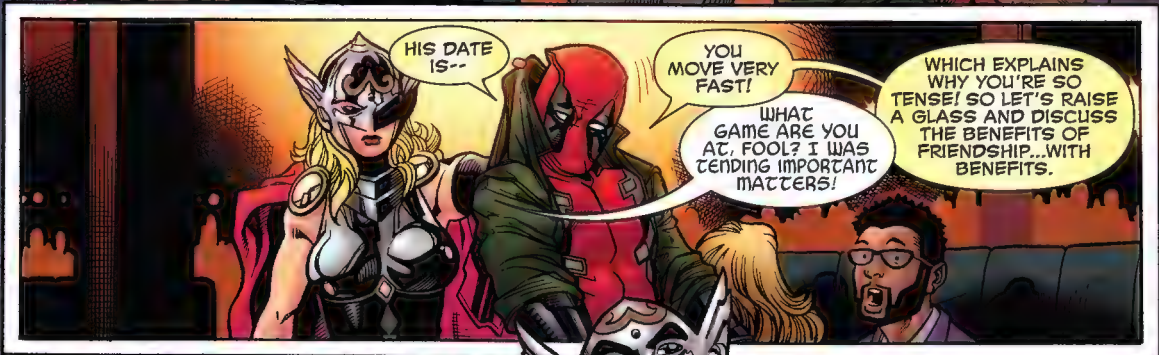
you
summoned me...
on the AVENGERS'
EMERGENCY
BAND...

...TO DRINK
MEAD?

YOU HAVE
EXCEPTIONAL
HEARING!

THIS IS MY
PAL, LEO. HE
DOESN'T DRINK,
BUT HE IS STILL
A PERSON.

I'M LEO.
JUST LEO.
WE'VE NEVER
MET. HI.



HIS DATE
IS--

YOU
MOVE VERY
FAST!

WHAT
GAME ARE YOU
AT, FOOL? I WAS
TENDING IMPORTANT
MATTERS!

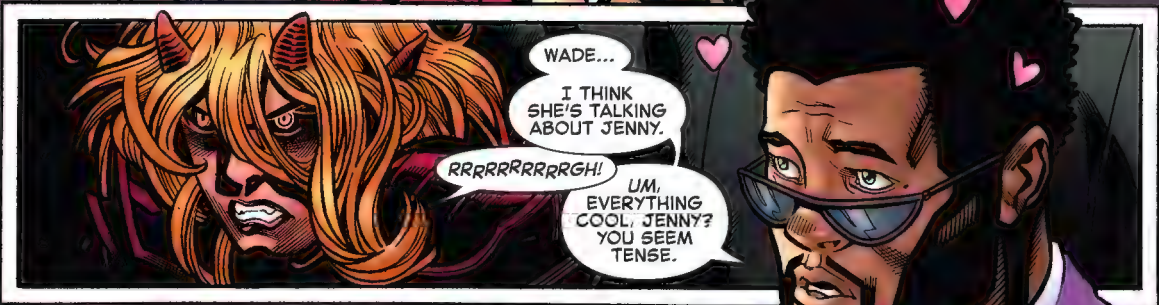
WHICH EXPLAINS
WHY YOU'RE SO
TENSE! SO LET'S RAISE
A GLASS AND DISCUSS
THE BENEFITS OF
FRIENDSHIP...WITH
BENEFITS.



ARE YOU
FAMILIAR WITH
THE CONCEPT
OF A "FREE
PASS"?

NOT IF
HELHEIM FROZE
OVER. I SENSE
MAGIC HERE.

ME, TOO! IT'S
CRAZY I KNOW,
BUT JUST GIVE IN
TO IT WHILE YOU'RE
STILL A LADY
THOR--



WADE...

I THINK
SHE'S TALKING
ABOUT JENNY.

RRRRRRRRRGH!

UM,
EVERYTHING
COOL, JENNY?
YOU SEEM
TENSE.



DIE, FOUL ASGARDIAN!!!

DEADPOOL?

YEAH?

HOW DO YOU KNOW JENNY?

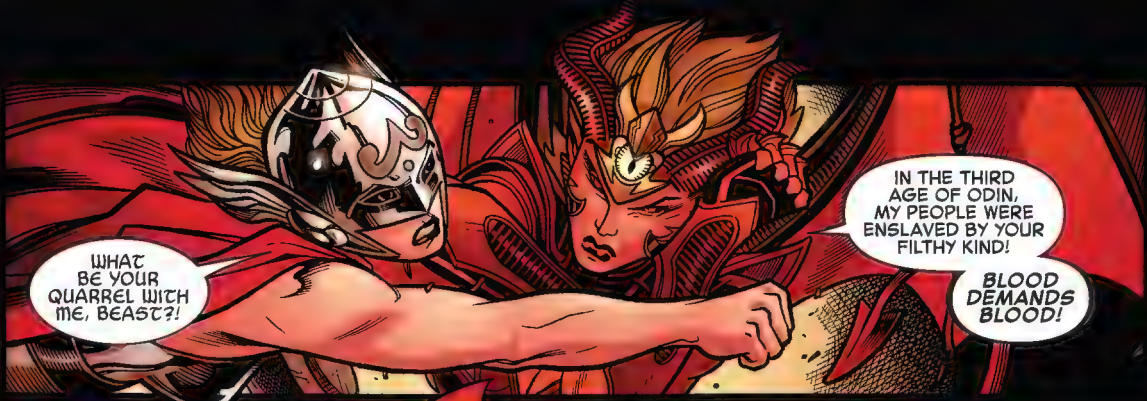
SHE'S ONE OF SHIKLAH'S COUSINS.

WERE YOU AWARE THAT SHE IS AN ASGARDIAN-HATING SUCCUBUS WHEN YOU SET US UP?

DUDE, COULD YOU NOT THINK ABOUT YOURSELF FOR, LIKE, A SECOND?

I PROBABLY MISSED MY SHOT WITH THOR. I'M REALLY BUMMING.

"PROBABLY"?



WHAT BE YOUR QUARREL WITH ME, BEAST?!

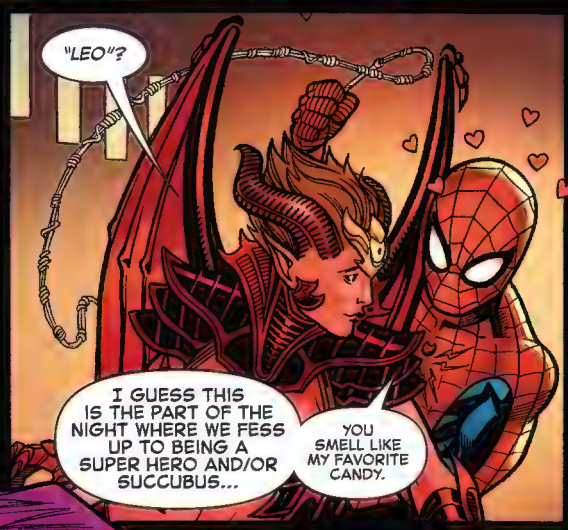
IN THE THIRD AGE OF ODIN, MY PEOPLE WERE ENSLAVED BY YOUR FILTHY KIND!

BLOOD DEMANDS BLOOD!



IF YOU INSIST! YEAGHH!

LADIES! LET'S SLOW DOWN WITH THE SMASHING AND BLOOD TALK!



"LEO"?

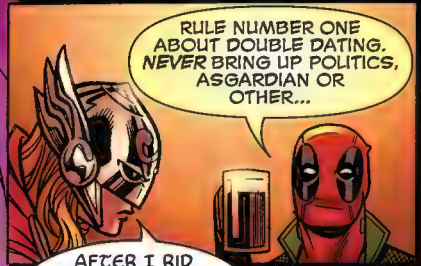
I GUESS THIS IS THE PART OF THE NIGHT WHERE WE FESS UP TO BEING A SUPER HERO AND/OR SUCCUBUS...

YOU SMELL LIKE MY FAVORITE CANDY.



BACK TO HELHEIM WITH YOU, DEMONESS! IF IT'S WAR YOU WANT--

--THOR WILL GIVE YOU WAR!



RULE NUMBER ONE ABOUT DOUBLE DATING. NEVER BRING UP POLITICS, ASgardian OR OTHER...

AFTER I RID THIS PLANE OF THAT MONSTER, YOU AND I WILL HAVE WORDS, TRICKSTER.

MIGHT THOSE WORDS INCLUDE "BREAKFAST"?



THAT'S NOT A "NO"!

WHY? AFTER
ALL THAT TALK
ABOUT US BEING
FRIENDS AND--

--AND SHE'S
SO PRETTY AND
FUNNY AND--
WHY?!

I WANTED
YOU TO HAVE A
GOOD TIME...

...THIS
IS A GOOD
TIME.

OH, SWEET
HEAVEN...DO
NOT LET THAT
BE WHAT I
THINK IT BE.

IT BE.

ASGARD LEFT
A SCAR ON MY
PEOPLE THAT SHALL
NEVER FADE! IF I
MUST SACRIFICE MY
BLOOD FOR YOURS
IT WOULD BE AN
HONOR!

I WILL NOT
APOLOGIZE FOR
SINS COMMITTED
EONS AGO BY
THOSE WHO CAME
BEFORE.

BUT I CAN
ASSURE YOU THIS
IS A NEW AGE FOR MY
PEOPLE. A TIME OF
ENLIGHTENMENT!

WE NEED
NOT LIVE BY
THE OLD...
WAYS...

...
...JENNY...
PLEASE LOOK
DOWN FOR A
MOMENT...



IS THAT..?

WADE WILSON...

AYE.



UH-OH. WEBS. WE GOTTA ROLL.

I THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO FIGHT IN THE MUD! IT'S MORE SLIPPIER... SLIPPERIER?



YOU DISGUSTING HALF-MAN... YOU ENGINEERED A BATTLE BETWEEN BLOOD ENEMIES THAT WE WOULD FIGHT IN THE MUD FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT?!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND A LOT LESS FUN WHEN YOU USE TERMS LIKE "HALF-MAN."

I WAS ROOTING FOR YOU... DID YOU KNOW BLOODLUST REALLY BRINGS OUT YOUR EYES--?



WHAT SHALL WE DO TO AMEND THIS OFFENSE, LADY SUCCUBUS?

SAFWORD! SAFWORD! WEBS! HELP A BROTHER OUT!

WADE, JUST... HUSH... IT'S HARD TO THINK WITH ALL OF THE PHEROMONES AND OZONE AND--GOD, JENNY, EVEN WHEN YOU SWEAT YOU SMELL LIKE COTTON CANDY--

WEBS!!!

LADIES... I... WHAT HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT IS INEXCUSABLE. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD. THIS WAS INSENSITIVE AND AWFUL AND DISRESPECTFUL OF TWO AMAZING AND POWERFUL WOMEN...

BUT WADE AND I ARE LIKE THAT CLOSE TO BEING FRIENDS, SO... COULD YOU NOT KILL HIM? OR US? PLEASE?

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO FIX THIS.



A TEMPORARY TRUCE COMMENCES AND THIS "HELLHOUSE" BECOMES SACRED GROUND!

LADIES, LET'S BRING IT DOWN A NOTCH! THINGS GOT A LITTLE ROWDY BEFORE, BUT WE APOLOGIZED!

THE MOST EARNEST OF ALL APOLOGIES I HAVE EVER MADE...EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE SERIOUSLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I'VE EVER MET--

MORE IMPORTANTLY THE SMARTEST AND MOST... UH, TO BE RESPECTED AND NOT AT ALL TO BE TREATED LIKE OBJECTS--

NO! NO OBJECTIFICATION! LESSON LEARNED! FO' SHO!!

...BUT SHE'S STILL REALLY ATTRACTIVE...

I WILL PUNCH YOU IN THE MOUTH WITH BOTH FISTS IF YOU DO NOT STOP TALKING!

'TIS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE VALUABLE LESSON YOU'LL LEARN, "BOYFRIEND."

YOU HAD YOUR FUN...IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE OURS.

NOW, UNLESS YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MJOLNIR'S OPINION ON GENDER ROLES IN OUR SOCIETY--

NO THANK YOU, MA'AM.

YOU WILL DANCE FOR OUR PLEASURE!

WEBS, I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER THIS IS ONE OF MY BEST DREAMS COME TRUE OR A NIGHTMARE--

BUT NO ONE TELLS DEADPOOL WHEN HE CAN AND CAN'T DANCE. I SAY START KICKING ASS AND TAKING NAMES--

POUR SOME SUGAR ON
MEEEEEEEEE

OH, NO...
YOU HAD
TOO MUCH
SUCCUBUS.

ACTUALLY,
THIS IS THE
MOST FREE
I'VE FELT IN
MONTHS!!!

GET
UP HERE--
UNLESS YOU'RE
RHYTHMICALLY
CHALLENGED--

YOU DARE
QUESTION MY
MOVES?!! FINE!
YOU LADIES
WANT THE
'POOL?

YOU'RE
GETTIN' THE
FLOOD!

BRING
IT!

HEE-
HEE!

POINT THE
FINGER, CHECK
THE HEART.

WHOO-
CHA!

HELICOPTER!

HNNGH!

YOU...YOU'RE
REALLY GIVING
THEM A SHOW,
DUDE!

THIS WILL
NEVER EVER
HAPPEN IN MY
LIFE EVER
AGAIN...

MIGHT AS
WELL ENJOY
IT!

YOU
SUNNY-BUTT
MANIAC.
FINE. DANCE,
YOU FOOL!
DANCE!

HOW LONG
DO YOU THINK
WE CAN MAKE
THEM DO
THIS?

until
it bores
us.

HEH. YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT,
ASGARDIAN.

I'LL NEVER
TELL THEM THIS...
BUT THAT WAS
ONE HELL OF A
BATTLE.

AYE,
'T WAS.

A full-page comic book illustration featuring Deadpool and Spider-Man. Deadpool, in his signature red and black suit, is in the foreground, shirtless and flexing his right arm. Spider-Man, in his red and blue suit, is behind him, also flexing. The background is dark with falling gold coins and US dollar bills, and bright yellow starburst effects. Several speech bubbles contain humorous text.

AND IT WAS WRITTEN IN
THE TOMES OF THOR OF
A BATTLE MOST GLORIOUS
AGAINST A DEMONNESS
MOST FOUL....

...AND THE TRUCE WHICH
THEY DID BOTH ADOPT
FOR BUT ONE BRIEF
MOMENT IN TIME...

CELEBRATED WITH SPIRITED
CAMARADERIE BETWEEN
ENEMIES NOT SEEN SINCE
THE TIMES BEFORE THE
FROST WARS...

WHEREIN A WEBBED MAKER
OF MISCHIEF AND A SCARRED
MINSTREL OF MADNESS DID
DANCE FOR THE PLEASURE OF
WARRIORS IN ATTENDANCE
WITH RECKLESS ABANDON.

NEVER WAS THERE SO GLORIOUS
A BATTLE CELEBRATION IN ANY OF
THE NINE REALMS. FOR CENTURIES,
TALES WOULD BE PASSED DOWN,
TOLD AND RETOLD WITH GLEE...

THE DANCE OF THE
SPIDEY-POOL. ON A
BLESSED THORSDAY...

CALLED "LADIES'
NIGHT" IN THE
REALM OF
MIDGARD.

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

NO
HESITATION. NONE
AT ALL!

YOU LITERALLY
SAID "DO THE
LIFT," WHAT ELSE
WAS I SUPPOSED
TO DO?

SPIDER-SWAYZE.

THAT MAKES
YOU DEAD-BABY.
WAIT, THAT'S
NOT FUNNY--

HEH...HEH...
OH, GOD I
NEEDED THAT.

?SIGH? I
DON'T WANT TO
RUIN THE MOMENT,
BUT...

NO, YOU
ARE NOT ON
MY LIST.

THANKS FOR
THAT LIE. ANYWAY...
IF YOU'RE SERIOUS
ABOUT TRYING TO
MAKE A CHANGE
FOR THE BETTER...

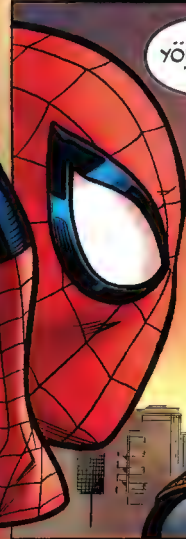
BWAHAHAH!



...I BELIEVE
YOU'RE DOING
THE JOB.

HEH. I
DON'T HAVE
A SMART-ASS
RESPONSE TO
THAT, SO...

...THANKS.



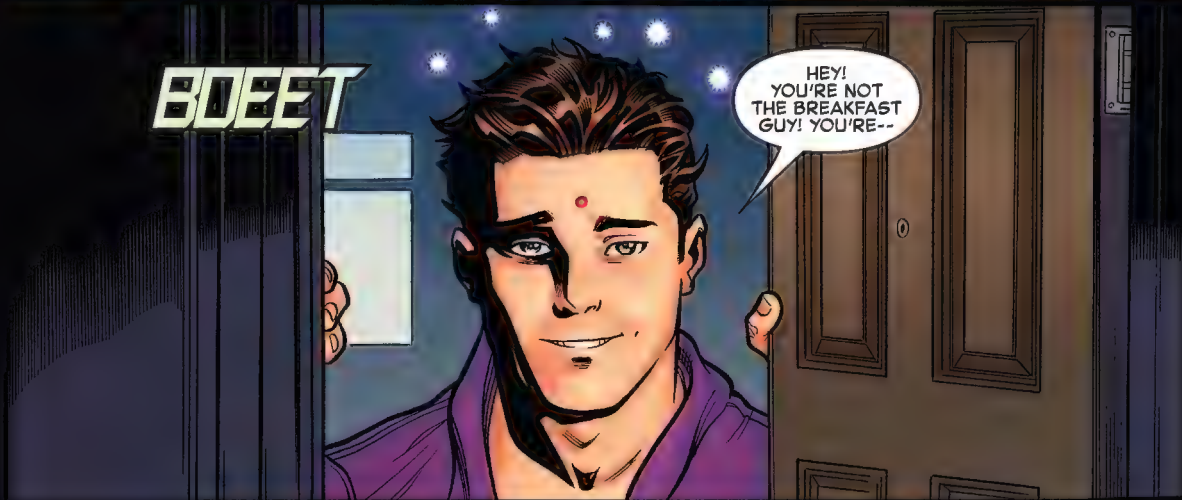
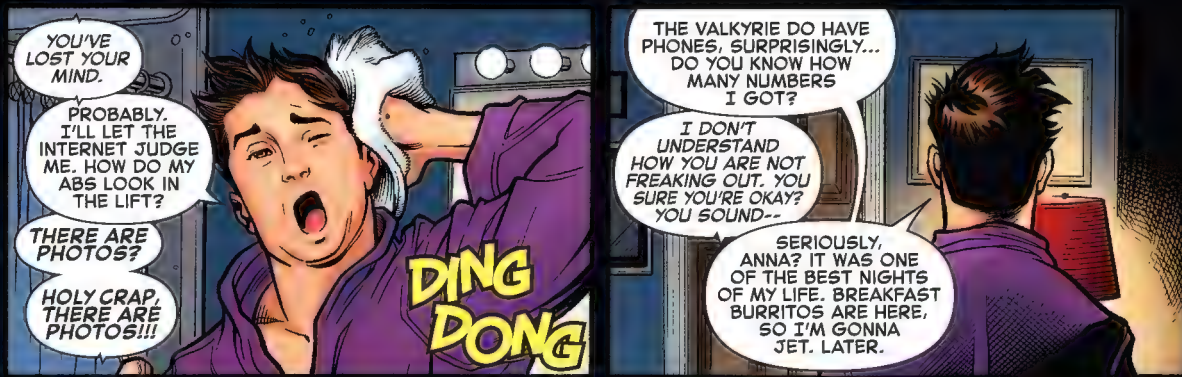
LET'S DO THIS
AGAIN. MINUS YOU
TRICKING THE GOD
OF THUNDER INTO
A MUD PIT.

THANKS
FOR A GOOD
NIGHT, MAN.



WE'LL
DO IT AGAIN
SOMETIME.







FNNNT

FNNNT



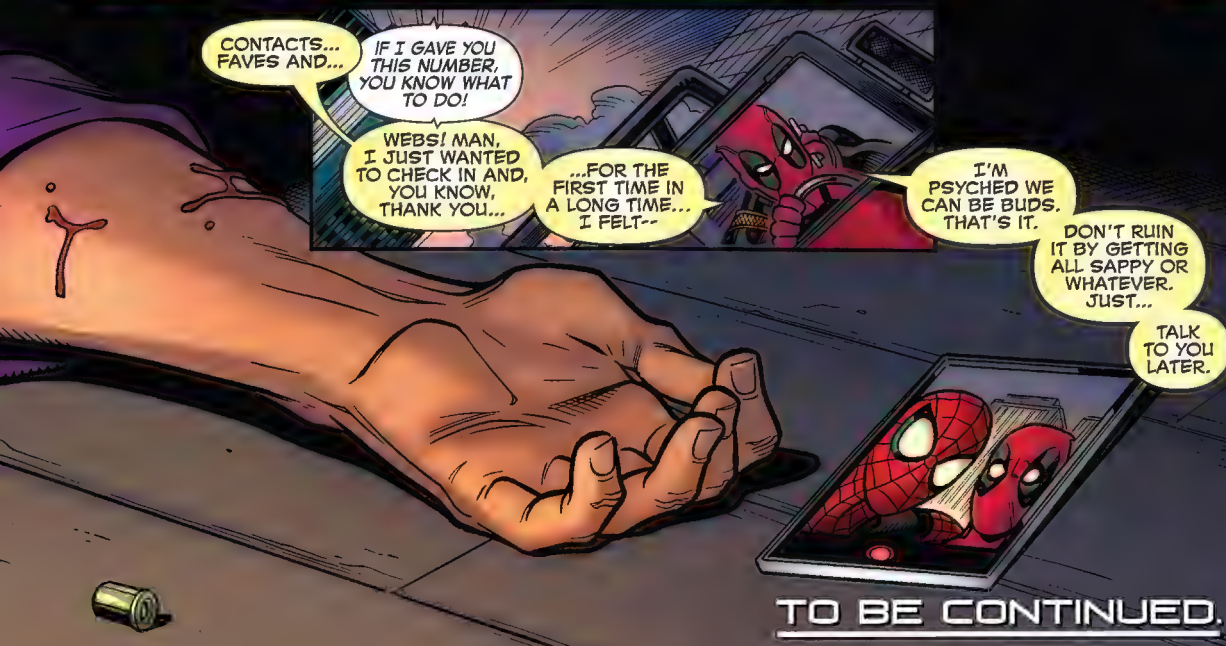
HUH.

THAT WAS EASY.

REALLY EXPECTED WEBS TO COME RUNNING...



ENJOY YOUR PERMANENT VACATION IN HELL, DR. MENGELE. I PUT IN A SPECIAL REQUEST FOR YOUR TORTURER.



CONTACTS... FAVES AND...

IF I GAVE YOU THIS NUMBER, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WEBS! MAN, I JUST WANTED TO CHECK IN AND, YOU KNOW, THANK YOU...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME... I FELT--

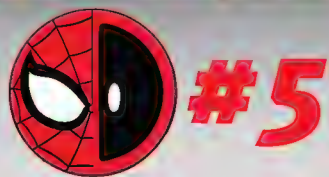
I'M PSYCHED WE CAN BE BUDS. THAT'S IT.

DON'T RUIN IT BY GETTING ALL SAPPY OR WHATEVER. JUST...

TALK TO YOU LATER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



SPIDER-MAN/
DEADPOOL

005 **MARVEL**

KELLY
McGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDDINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



LAST TIME:

WELCOME BACK TO SPIDER-MAN/DEADPOOL! OR, IF YOU DIDN'T READ THE FIRST FOUR ISSUES...WHY DIDN'T YOU READ THE FIRST FOUR ISSUES?

AW, WHO ARE WE KIDDING? OF COURSE YOU DID! AFTER ALL, EACH OF 'EM HAS GONE TO A SECOND PRINTING.

SO IT'S NOT LIKE I EVEN HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL HAVE BEEN WORKING ON GETTING OVER THEIR DIFFERENCES--AND IT'S BEEN PAYING OFF! AFTER A COUPLE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED TEAM-UPS (INCLUDING ONE INVOLVING THOR AND A MAGIC MIKE-STYLE DANCE NUMBER), YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD CRIMEFIGHTER HAS STARTED WARMING UP TO THE MERC WITH A MOUTH. YOU COULD EVEN CALL THEM BEST FRIENDS 4EVA (DEADPOOL DOES IN HIS DIARY).

BUT IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING! UNBEKNOWNST TO SPIDER-MAN, DEADPOOL HAD BEEN HIRED TO KILL HIS "BOSS," PETER PARKER, BY A MYSTERIOUS THIRD PARTY. LAST ISSUE, DEADPOOL PULLED THE TRIGGER, AND NOW PETER PARKER IS SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES. HE'S AT A FARM UPSTATE. HE'S NOT COMING DOWN FOR BREAKFAST.

ARE YOU GETTING THIS? HE'S DEAD.

THIS COULD PUT A DAMPER ON THE WHOLE "BESTIES" THING...

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

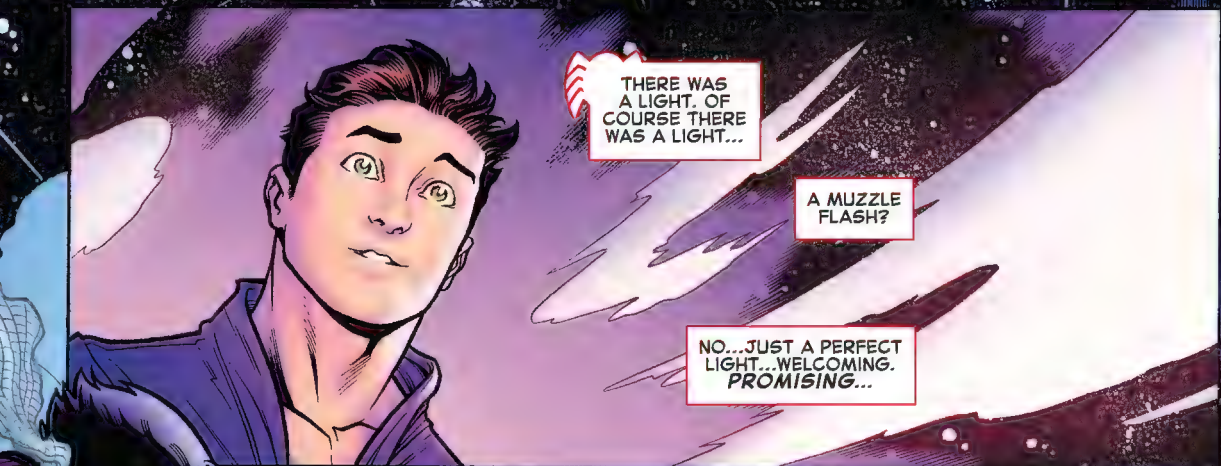
JOE KELLY WRITER • ED McGUINNESS PENCILER • MARK MORALES INKER
JASON KEITH COLOR ARTIST • VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER

ED McGUINNESS AND JASON KEITH COVER ARTISTS
MANNY MEDEROS TITLE PAGE DESIGN DEVIN LEWIS ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JORDAN D. WHITE AND NICK LOWE EDITORS

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY
STAN LEE AND STEVE DITKO

DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NIECIEZA

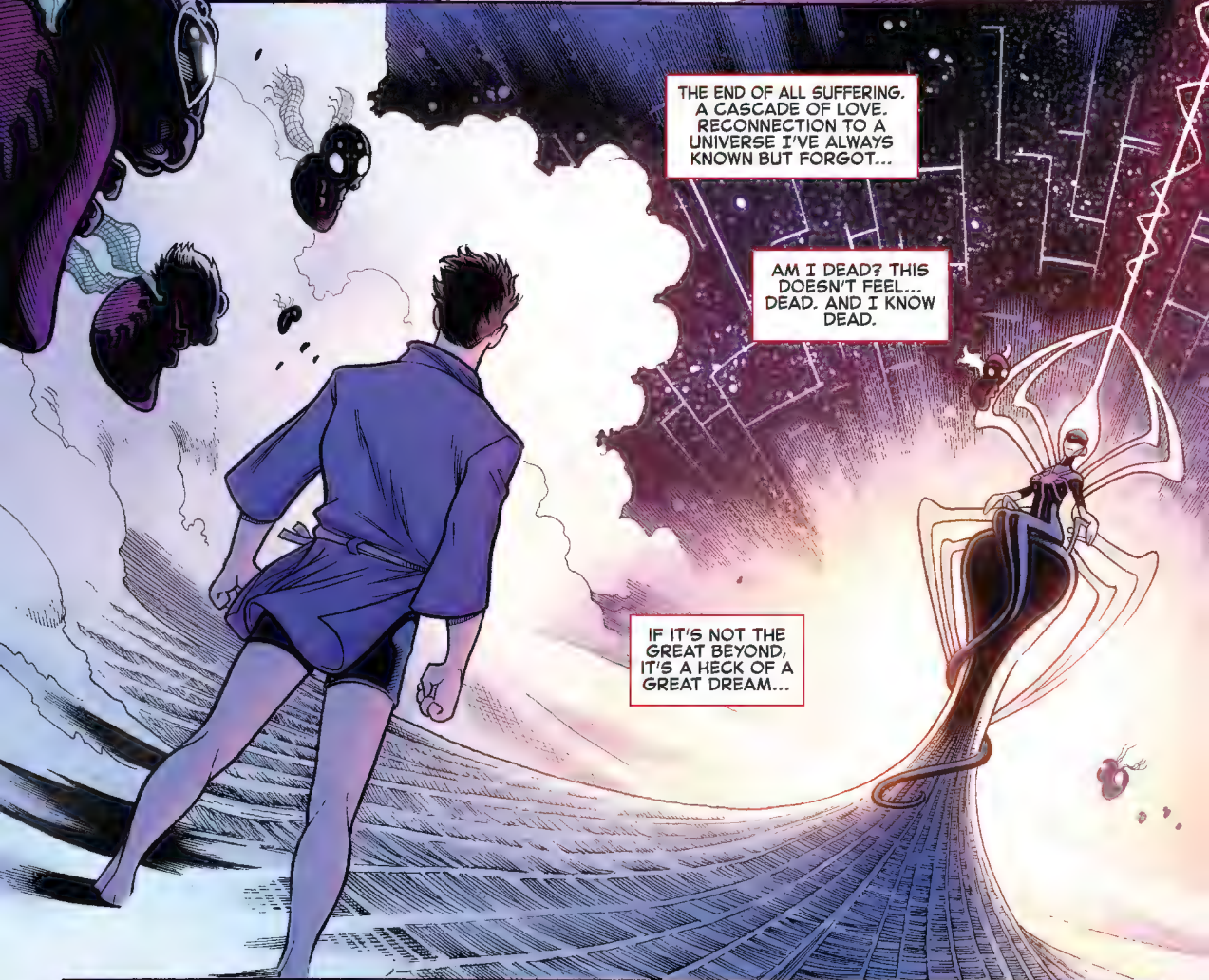
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



THERE WAS
A LIGHT. OF
COURSE THERE
WAS A LIGHT...

A MUZZLE
FLASH?

NO...JUST A PERFECT
LIGHT...WELCOMING.
PROMISING...



THE END OF ALL SUFFERING.
A CASCADE OF LOVE.
RECONNECTION TO A
UNIVERSE I'VE ALWAYS
KNOWN BUT FORGOT...

AM I DEAD? THIS
DOESN'T FEEL...
DEAD. AND I KNOW
DEAD.

IF IT'S NOT THE
GREAT BEYOND,
IT'S A HECK OF A
GREAT DREAM...



I'M GOIN'
WITH IT.

WHERE'S THIS
RABBIT HOLE
TAKING ME?



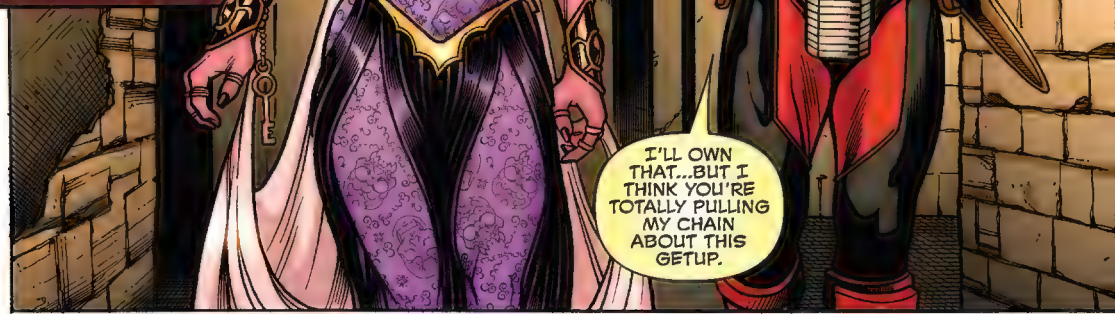
SO DO YOU, LIKE, APPLAUD? OR TIP THE GUY?

I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE...

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE NEVER BORNE WITNESS TO THE ETERNAL TORTURE OF A HUMAN SOUL BEFORE.

ADORBS. I'M GONNA REMEMBER THIS THE NEXT TIME YOU ASK ME WHICH KARDASHIAN IS THE "EVIL ONE" AGAIN.

RELAX. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BALL. AND YOU LOOK FANTASTIC.



I'LL OWN THAT...BUT I THINK YOU'RE TOTALLY PULLING MY CHAIN ABOUT THIS SETUP.



PROPER ETIQUETTE, I ASSURE YOU. DRESS TO IMPRESS. EVEN IN HELL.

MORE LIKE DRESS TO DEPRESS. THERE'S SO MUCH EXTRA ROOM IN THIS CODPIECE THE BROOKLYN NETS COULD CLIMB IN HERE WITH ROOM TO PRACTICE--

ARE YOU NERVOUS?



TO SEE A SOCIOPATH WHO I KILLED GET PINEAPPLED BY A MASTER TORTURER?

BABE, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A MONTH.

SOMETIMES THEY DON'T USE PINEAPPLES. I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

WHAT DO THEY USE?



PIRANHA. EVER-BURNING COALS. A SOLID PLATINUM VEGGETT!...THAT'S NEW.

IF PARKER'S SOUL IS BEING TORTURED WITH ANY PRODUCT SOLD ON QVC, I AM DEFINITELY TIPPING THE GUY.

WE NEED TO HAVE DATE NIGHT MORE OFTEN.

OH! MISTRESS SHIKLAH, UH... YOU--WE--



WHERE IN THE HELL, LITERALLY, IS THE SOUL OF PETER PARKER?!

UM, I...CHECKING...
UM, ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT MISTER PARKER HAD A RESERVATION FOR TODAY--?

I MADE THE RESERVATION WHEN I PUT TWO SLUGS IN HIS BRAIN BOX, YOU HALF-BAKED HOT STUFF! WHERE IS HE?!

NO NEED TO BE RUDE, SIR...JUST BECAUSE WE'RE THE GRAND TORTURERS OF HELL DOESN'T MEAN WE DON'T HAVE FEELINGS.

PARKER INDUSTRIES

MY FAVORITE ENGINEER! UP TOP!

YOU NEVER REMEMBER HIS NAME.

I KNOW, BUT IT'S GOOD FOR MORALE. WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY?

PETER. HE'S PETER SCIOLI.

WELL, YOU KNOW ME, ANNA MARIA...I STINK WITH NAMES...

...BUT I'M GREAT WITH FACES.

LET'S GO MAKE SOME SCIENCE.

A large, green, multi-eyed monster with a wide, toothy grin is shown from the chest up. It has several large, white, oval eyes with black pupils and orange-yellow irises. The monster's skin is green with small, dark, V-shaped scales. A young boy with dark hair and a purple shirt is being held in the monster's mouth. The boy has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is a rocky, yellowish-brown landscape.

FEAR, HORROR,
COLD...THAT'S ALL
I FEEL NOW.

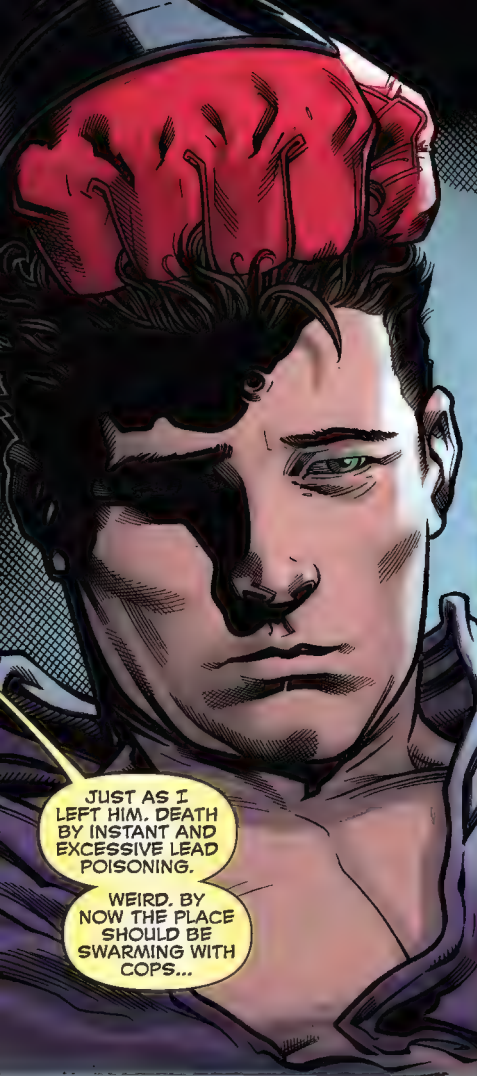
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT
MY FACE LOOKS LIKE OR
MY MOTHER'S NAME. I'M
SCREAMING FROM MY GUTS.

THIS IS NO
DREAM.

WHATEVER IT IS...THE
MONSTER FILLING EVERY
ATOM OF MY BEING WITH
TERROR IS ENJOYING
ITSELF.

PAARRRRRKER!

WHATEVER
THIS IS...IT'S
PERSONAL.



JUST AS I LEFT HIM. DEATH BY INSTANT AND EXCESSIVE LEAD POISONING.

WEIRD. BY NOW THE PLACE SHOULD BE SWARMING WITH COPS...



UNLESS HE IS, AS YOU SAY, "AN EVIL TOOL." IN WHICH CASE, HE HAS NO ONE WHO CARES FOR HIM.

HE CERTAINLY DECORATES LIKE A MAN WITH NO VISITORS.

UNBELIEVABLE. A MAN UN-ALIVED IS LYING AT YOUR FEET AND YOU'RE CRITICIZING HIS TASTE IN LAMPS...

CAN WE FIT IN SOME SPECIAL ADULT HUGS, D'YOU THINK?



I LIKE WHERE THIS IS HEADED. CAN I PHONE A FRIEND--?

I WAS KIDDING! SORT OF. NOT REALLY. BUT WE CAN'T...MY COMMON SENSE IS TINGLING.

SOMETHING WENT SOUTH WITH THIS GIG. NO NECRO-NOOKIE UNTIL WE SQUARE THINGS AWAY.



THIS IS ABOUT HIM ISN'T IT? YOUR "BRO-CRUSH"?

NO! NO...MY MORALITY APP IS, LIKE, TOTALLY STUCK ON DOING THE RIGHT THING TODAY. SUCKS...

...BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SET THIS RIGHT.





WHEN I LIVED, YOU RUINED ME...

EVEN IN DEATH YOU HAUNTED MY DREAMS.

FINALY, PARRRKERRR... REVENGE BELONGS TO ME.

ETERNAL REVENGE, YOU WILL NEVER PASS ON...MY OWN PLAYTHING...

NO, THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

DEATH COMES FOR EVERYONE, PARKER.

I AM NOT DEAD!!!

YOU WERE ALWAYS DEAD, PETER...ALL OF YOUR LIFE--ALL LIFE IS JUST AN ILLUSION...

AH... THAT'S A SMART BOY.

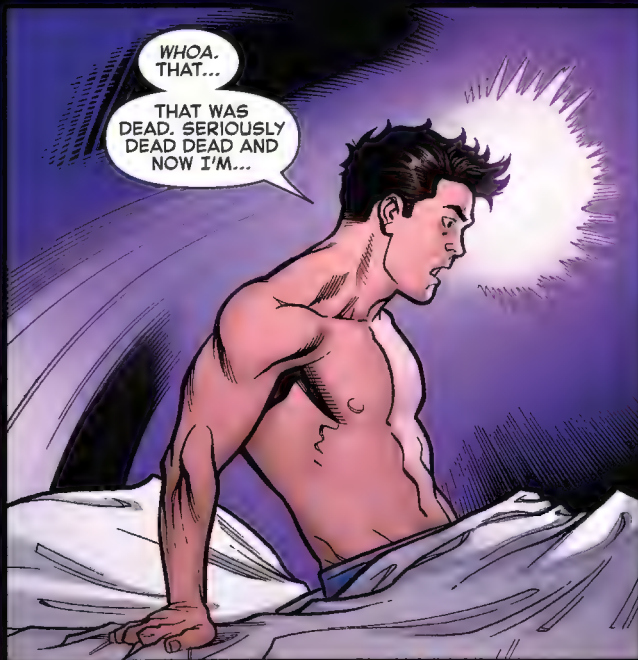
LET'S PLAY A GAME--

AAAARGH! WHAT'S HAPPENED?!

PARKER?!

NO, THAT--

OH MY GOD... MYSTERIO?



KA-BLANNM

I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD.

YOU SURE DID, HONEY! MAXIMUM EFFORT!

I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD SO YOU COULD SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD? AGAIN?

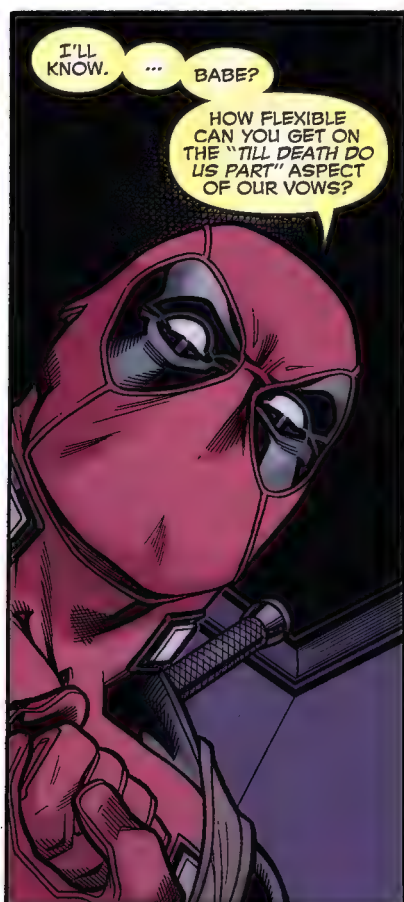
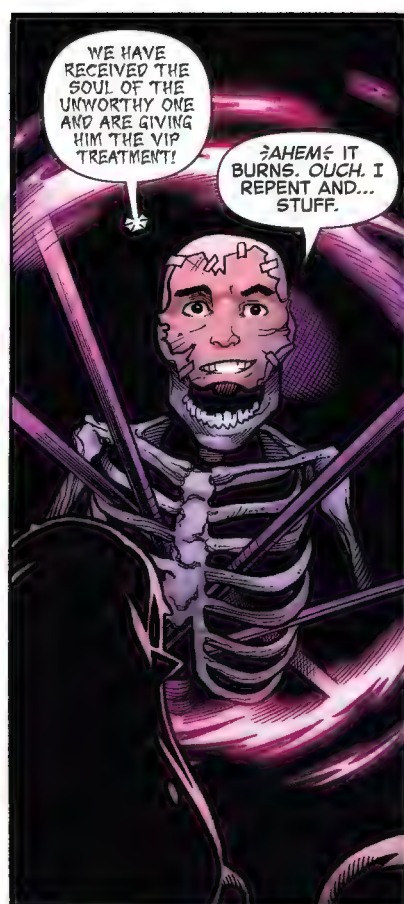
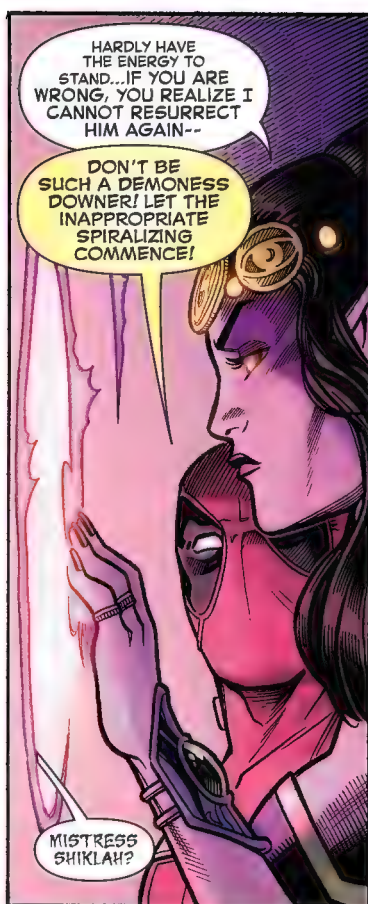
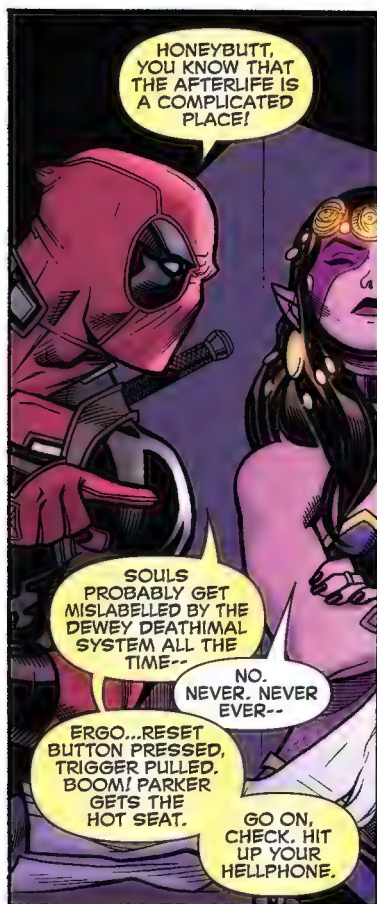
WELL, NO, SEE THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT. I KNOW IT'S TECHNICAL, BUT LAST TIME I USED A PISTOL, THIS IS A 44 GAUGE DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

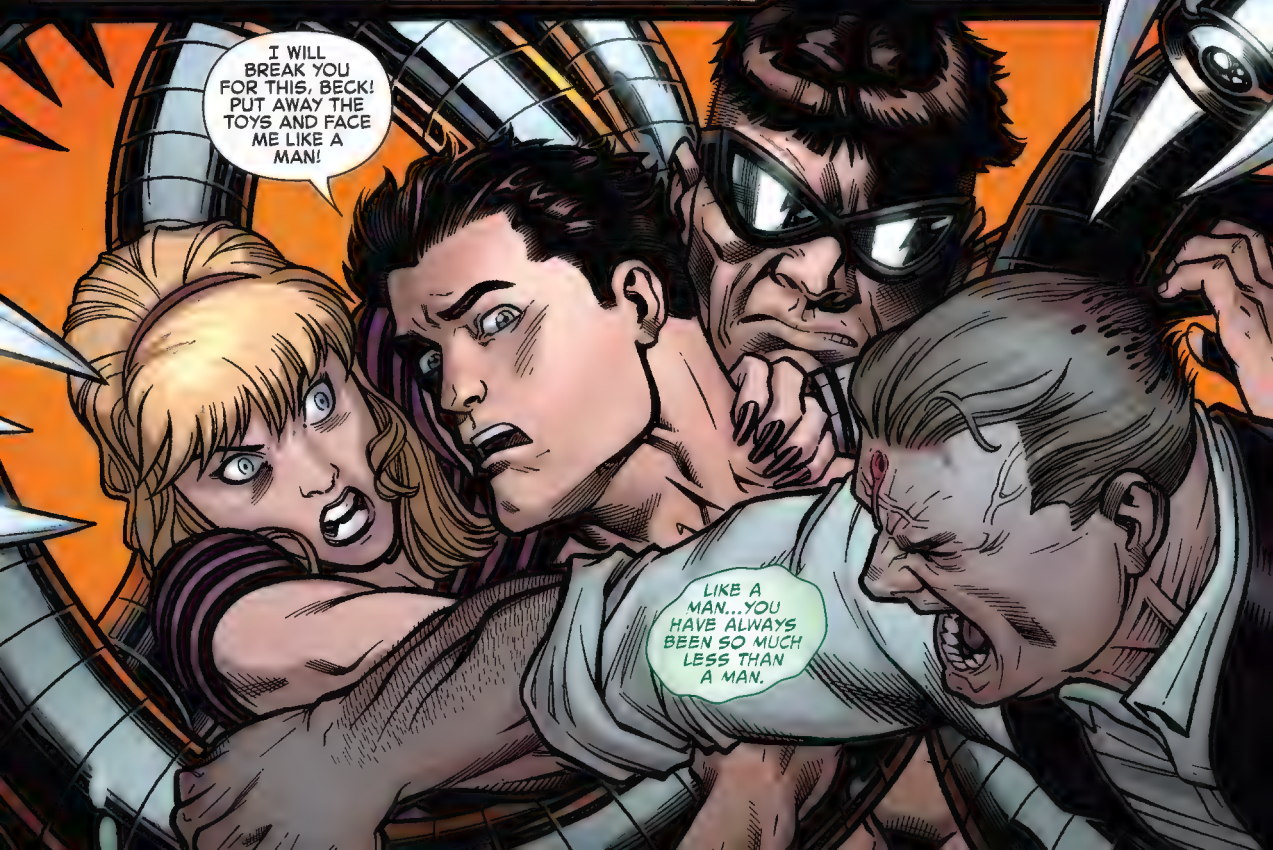
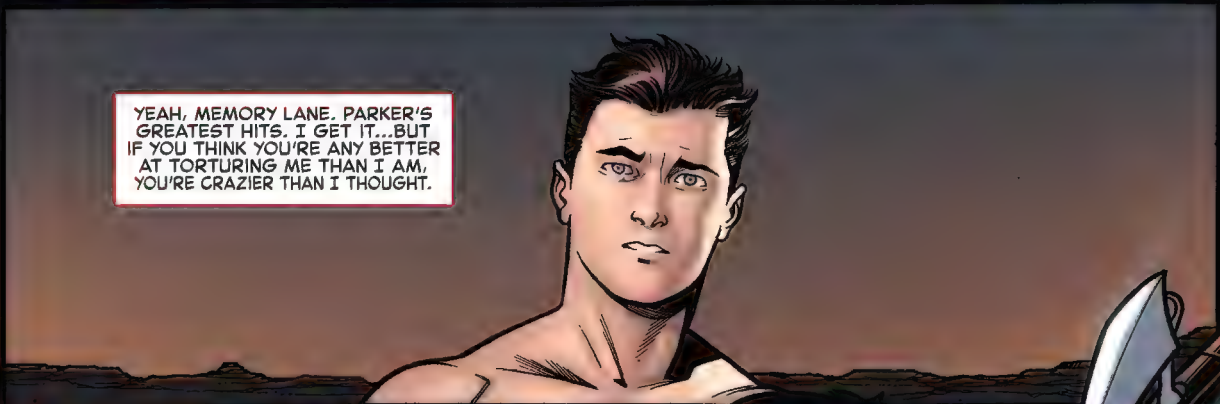
DARE I ASK WHY?

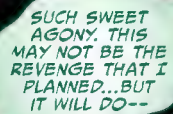
ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT "HAVE YOU TRIED TURNING IT OFF AND THEN ON AGAIN?"

IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF THAT.

SOMETIMES I SERIOUSLY QUESTION MY LIFE CHOICES.









SURPRISE, SNOWGLOBE!

NO ONE EVER EXPECTS THE EXPOSITIONAL INTERRUPTION SERVICE!

YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, MISTER.

GONNA HAVE TO MIND YOU SOME MANNERS.

DEADPOOL... I AM IN HELL.

NOT YET. TRUST ME--



KATHOOM

I'VE WORKED IN HELL...THIS, SIR, IS NO HELL.

SPARKNOTES VERSION: YOU DIED. MYSTERIO SOULJACKED YOU TO LIMBO FROM HIS COMA.

WEBS SENT ME TO SAVE YOUR SCRAWNY BUTT 'CAUSE I MARRIED INTO SOME CONNECTIONS. MYSTIC STUFF.

BUT SINCE I DON'T DIE WELL, WE ONLY HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF TIME FOR ME TO HAIL MARY YOU HOME.

QUESTIONS?

WHOSE BLOOD IS THAT COVERING YOUR BODY?

"YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW, LET'S JUST SAY I WENT ABOVE AND BEYOND TO GET HERE AND LEAVE IT AT THAT..."

HURRY IT UP, WADE... I CAN ONLY KEEP YOU TWO LINKED FOR A FEW MOMENTS...

SO... SPIDER-MAN SENT YOU? WHO KILLED ME--?

DUDE, NO TIME FOR LITTLE DETAILS LIKE YOUR MURDERER. PRIORITIZE! THIS ASSHAT BROUGHT YOU TO LIMBO TO BE HIS ETERNAL PLAYTHING!

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU NEED TO MAN UP AND FIGHT FOR IT!

HOW?

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE. YOU GET SOME PERKS IF YOU CAN STEP UP. MY WIFE EXPLAINED IT... I'M NOT A GOOD LISTENER OR EXPLAINER...

YOU READ HARRY POTTER?

MOVIES.

PHILISTINE, IT'S LIKE THE PATRONUS...

YOU GOTTA FOCUS YOUR SPIRIT TO HELP YOU FIGHT OFF THE DARKNESS.

BUT DON'T WASTE MY TIME WITH A DEER OR SOME CHILDHOOD TOY UNLESS THAT TOY WAS YOUR FAVORITE ROCKET LAUNCHER!

I THINK I GOT IT...

A large, dynamic illustration of Spider-Man in his classic red and blue suit. He is in a crouched, ready position, with his hands near the ground. Swirling smoke or energy effects surround him, particularly around his head and hands. The background is dark and textured.

YEAH...THAT
WORKS. GOOD
THING YOU HAVE
A ROLE MODEL
AND JUNK.

WHO
SAID I'M
JEALOUS?

NOTE TO SELF...I
MADE A BAD CALL.
A MISJUDGEMENT.

PETER PARKER IS NOT
JUST AN OKAY GUY I
WHIFFED BY MISTAKE...
HE'S A GREAT GUY.

Deadpool is shown in the bottom left corner, wearing his signature red and black suit. He has a questioning expression on his face, with a question mark floating above his head. He is holding a large, ornate gun.

THAT'S A PURE SOUL.
HARDLY A STAIN ON HIM...
DAMN. I HOPE THIS LITTLE
SIDE TRIP TO THE
NETHERWORLD DOESN'T
MESS UP HIS HEAD.

THERE ARE CHIMES
AGAIN. CELESTIAL AND
CLEAR. SINGING...

BUT I DON'T WANT TO
HEAR THEM. I FOCUS ON
THE GHOST OF MY OWN
BLOOD PUMPING IN MY
EARS. NEITHER OF WHICH
ARE TRULY REAL...

SOMETHING IS VERY
WRONG HERE, AND
YEAH, I'M VERY,
VERY ANGRY.

A large comic book panel showing Spider-Man in a city under attack. A giant, purple, tentacle-like monster is on the right, with a large, glowing orange eye. Spider-Man is in the center, looking up in shock. In the background, a yellow building is on fire, and a green, tentacle-like creature is visible. The scene is filled with fire, smoke, and debris.

WHOOFFF!

HOW--THIS
ISN'T POSSIBLE.
HE PROMISED--

YOU
PROMISED!
THIS IS NOT THE
SOLACE I WAS
PROMISED!

PROMISED
BY WHOM?!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
BECK? WHAT
DID YOU DO
TO ME?!

YOU...
YOU ARE SO...
PURE.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
YOU SHOULD BE
CRIPPLED HERE!
AFTER ALL THE
PAIN YOU'VE
CAUSED...

PAIN
I'VE CAUSED?
YOU TWISTED
MONSTER!

YO! PARKER!
DON'T TRY TO
PLAY HERO! JUST
BECAUSE YOU DRESS
UP LIKE SPIDER-MAN
DOESN'T MAKE YOU
SPIDER-MAN!

HE
SAID FROM
EXPERIENCE.

ALL OF THIS
IS YOUR FAULT!
YOU HAD ONE JOB
IN THIS POWER PLAY
AND YOU SCREWED
IT UP TWICE!



YEAH, I
SCREWED UP
BY DOING THE
OPPOSITE OF WHAT
I NORMALLY
DO...

IGNORED
MY GUT. A GUT
THAT'S GETTING
BETTER WITHOUT
THE HELP OF
PROBIOTICS...

PARKER
WAS A MISTAKE
SO I'M FIXING IT.
I WILL NEVER
KILL AGAIN--

ANNNND NO
ONE'S LISTENING.
AT ALL.

SO
THAT'S WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE
TO GET DITCHED
DURING A
MONOLOGUE.

GOOD TO
KNOW.

I'VE SPENT
MY WHOLE LIFE
TURNING CRAP
INTO LEMONADE,
USING MY POWERS
TO HELP
PEOPLE--

WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE BUT
CAUSE MISERY
AND PAIN?!

THIS--THIS
IS NOT RIGHT.
THIS WAS NOT
THE WAY IT WAS
SUPPOSED
TO BE--

THIS IS HOW
IT WILL ALWAYS
BE, BECK! GET IT
THROUGH YOUR
DOMED SKULL--
I WILL NOT
BREAK!

NO!!!

YEAH...
HUFF HUFF--

...WHY IS
FIGHTING IN
THE AFTERLIFE
SO TIRING?

BECAUSE,
PARKER...



FIGHTING
FOR YOUR
LIFE IS ONE
THING...

...FIGHTING
FOR YOUR *SOUL*
IS SOMETHING
ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT.

I...I
KNOW YOU...?
I--

WHO ARE
YOU?

I AM THE
NULL, THE VOID,
THE HELL THAT
HUNGERS...

I AM THE
NULL, THE VOID,
THE HELL THAT
HUNGERS...

AND I'M
GOING TO
TELL YOU A
SECRET...

BABE, IT'S NOW OR NEVER. I CAN'T KEEP YOU CONNECTED--

--AND YOUR BODY IS ABOUT TO REJECT THE 16 INCHES OF STEEL JUTTING FROM IT.

THANKS FOR THAT WEATHER UPDATE, SHIKLAH... IT'S RAINING BLOOD ARMOR DOWN HERE, SO YEAH, I FIGURED...

BUT I LOST PARKER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA--



UM...I'LL GET BACK TO YOU, HONEY.

HEY, YOU. BEEN A WHILE.

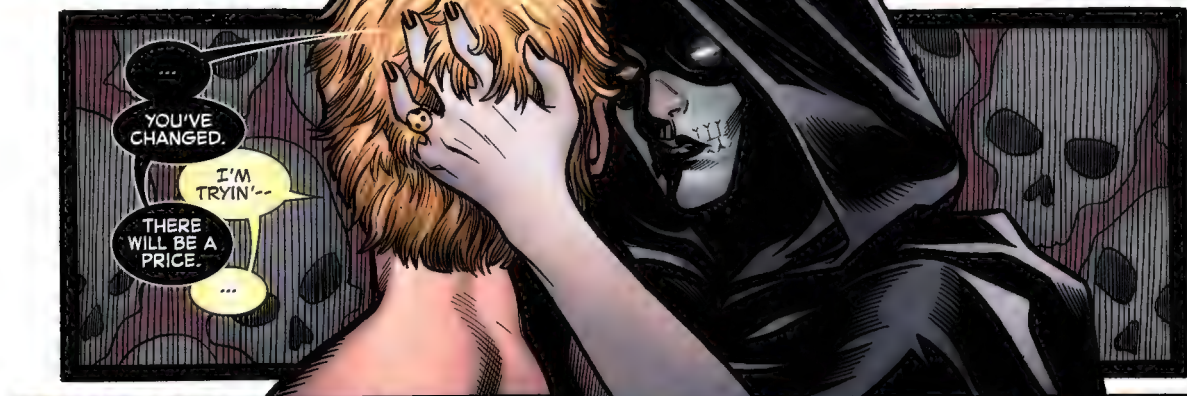
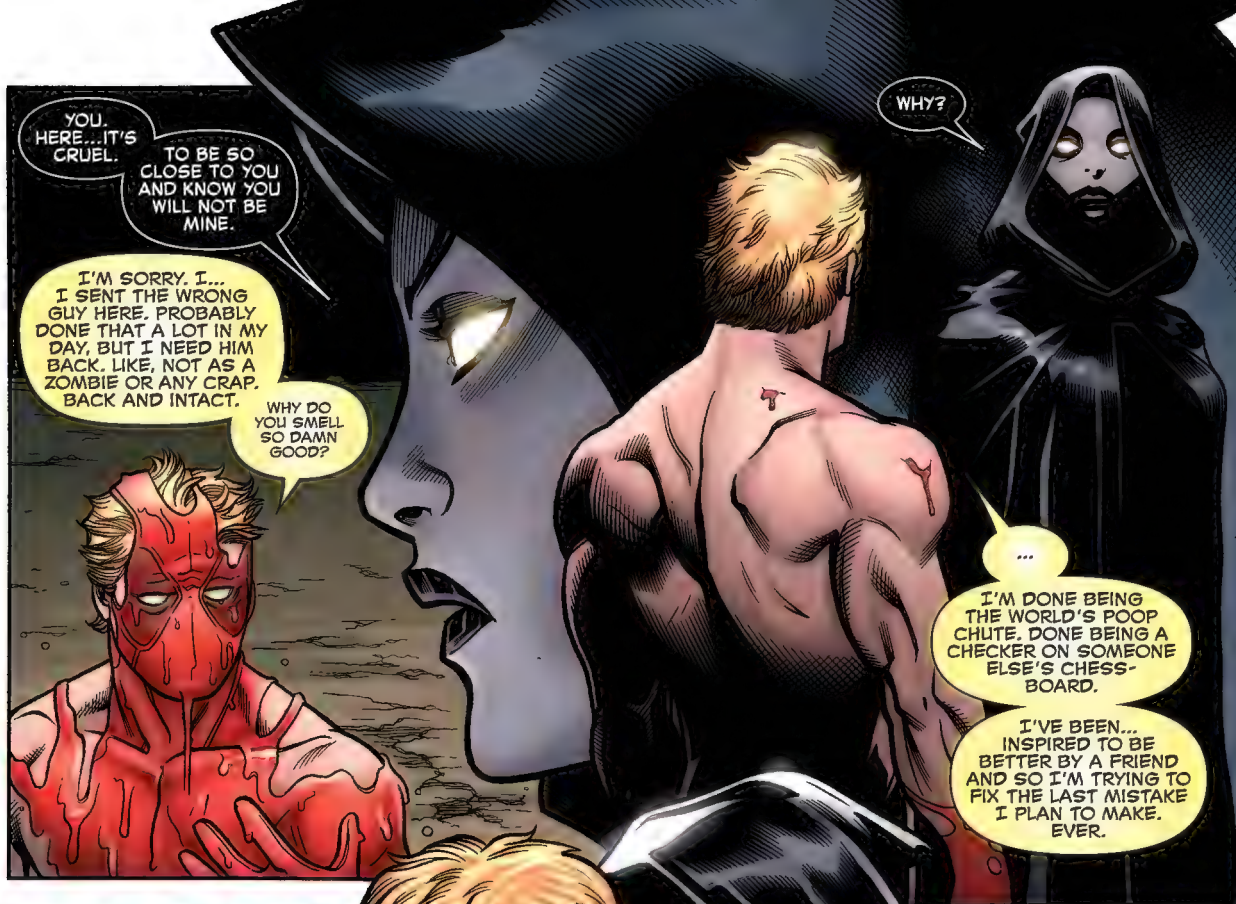
OKAY, SO IT'S GONNA BE LIKE THAT. I COME ALL THE WAY TO LIMBO, BATHED IN A BILLIONAIRE'S BLOOD AND I DON'T EVEN GET A HUG?

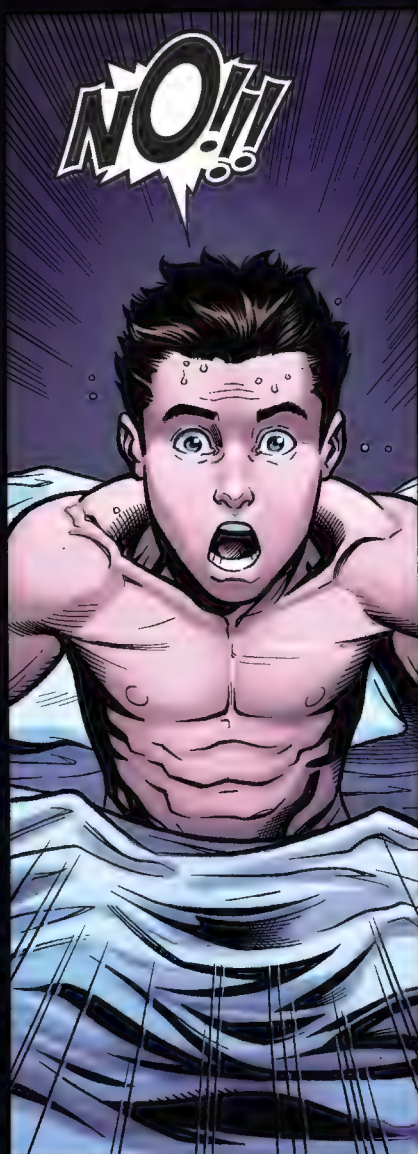
OH, BOY.

OKAY, LOOK, I'M GONNA LAY IT OUT HERE...I NEED A FAVOR. A BIGGIE.

I KNOW YOU DON'T OWE ME. I KNOW YOU PROBABLY HATE ME, AND DAMN YOU SMELL SO GOOD. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS GONNA BE THIS HARD...







I'M GOING
TO TELL YOU A
SECRET ABOUT
YOUR LIFE...

...ABOUT WHY
YOU'LL NEVER
FIND TRUE
HAPPINESS...

...BECAUSE YOU
WILL ALWAYS BE
MISSING SOMETHING.
INCOMPLETE. UNFINISHED.
AND ULTIMATELY, NO MATTER
HOW HARD YOU FIGHT, WHICH
CAUSE YOU CHOOSE, THE
BATTLE WILL ALWAYS END
WITH YOUR FACING...



...EMPTINESS.



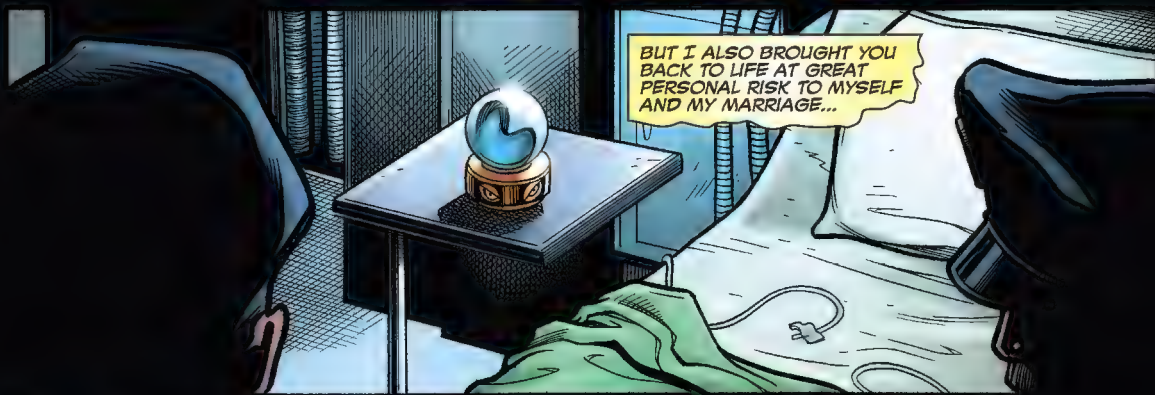
WHAT THE
HELL HAPPENED
TO ME?



DEAR MISTER PARKER.
PETER. PETEY.

OH, HELL. IT ALL STARTED
WHEN THIS GUY HIRED
ME TO KILL YOU...

AND I
DID.



**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



#6

MARVEL

008

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL

KELLY
MCGUINNESS
MORALES
KEITH



MARVEL COMICS
BEGRUDGINGLY PRESENTS...



PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, GRANTING HIM AMAZING ABILITIES, INCLUDING THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES. AFTER LEARNING THAT WITH GREAT POWER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, HE BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER HERO! HE'S...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

AVENGER...ASSASSIN...SUPERSTAR! WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR THAT ALLOWS HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. DESPITE EARNING A SMALL FORTUNE AS A GUN FOR HIRE, WADE HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED HERO AND IS THE STAR OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE (NO MATTER WHAT THAT JERK IN THE WEBS MAY THINK). CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

DEADPOOL



THREE ISSUES AGO:

LAST TIME: DEADPOOL KILLED SPIDER-MAN! WELL, HE KILLED PETER PARKER, NOT REALIZING THAT HIS VICTIM WAS HIS NEW BESTEST BUDDY'S SECRET IDENTITY! THINKING PARKER EVIL, DEADPOOL WAS SHOCKED NOT TO FIND HIM IN THE UNDERWORLD SUFFERING ETERNAL TORMENT. YES—HE CHECKED. AFTER A FEW DO-OVERS, WADE FOUND PETEY'S ETERNAL SOUL IN PURGATORY. REALIZING THAT THE CLIENT THAT PUT A HIT ON PARKER HAD LIED TO HIM ABOUT PETER BEING AN EVIL, EVIL BAD GUY, DEADPOOL CALLED IN A FAVOR FROM HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND, DEATH HERSELF, AND BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD. NOW HE'S OUT TO GET REVENGE ON THE CLIENT WHO LED HIM ASTRAY.

UNFORTUNATELY, PETER HIMSELF DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT TIME BEING KILLED, EITHER. AN ENCOUNTER WITH MEPHISTO POST-DEATH HAS LEFT HIM FEELING AS THOUGH SOMETHING IS...MISSING FROM HIS LIFE. ON TOP OF THAT, WHOEVER PUT THE HIT ON HIM PRETENDED TO BE HIM AT HIS WORK WHILE HE WAS DEAD! WASSUP WITH THAT???

ISN'T IT BROMANTIC?

Conclusion
JOE KELLY WRITER • ED McGUINNESS PENCILER • MARK MORALES AND LIVESAY INKERS
JASON KEITH COLORIST • VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
ED McGUINNESS, MARK MORALES AND JASON KEITH COVER ARTISTS
MANNY MEDEROS TITLE PAGE DESIGN DEVIN LEWIS ASSOCIATE EDITOR
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STAN LEE AND STEVE DITKO
DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NIECIEZA

AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



GIVE 'EM
THE HAIRCUT OF
THEIR LIVES MINI-
MISS-WOLVER--
UH-OH!

WHAT'S
WRONG?

I FELT A GREAT
DISTURBANCE IN
THE CONTINUITY...

...AS IF THERE
WERE A MASSIVE CROSS-
OVER EVENT OR JUST A BETTER
CREATIVE TEAM FOR
TWO ISSUES.

THAT DOESN'T
EVEN MAKE
SENSE, DADDY.
WE'RE MAKING
OUR OWN
ADVENTURE!

IT'S HIGH-
KEY ADORBS
HOW YOU THINK
REAL LIFE IS REAL
LIFE. THE SWEET
STUPIDITY OF
CHILDHOOD.

IT'S **CUTLERY TIME!** DEADPOOL AND
WOLVERME ARE GONNA SLICE AND DICE
THE BAD GUYS FOREVER!

WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN?
YOU SOUND
WEIRD.

I AM
WEIRD.

NOT **NORMAL**
WEIRD. **WEIRDER**
WEIRD. YOU ALWAYS
LIKE SMASHING
EVERYONE TO
DEATH.

YEAH...
WEIRD. MAYBE
WE'LL FIGURE
IT OUT NEXT
TIME...DADDY'S
GOTTA WORK.

ORRRRRR, WHAT
IF THIS TIME, JUST
AS AN ESPERIMENT, WE
PUT "EM IN A SLEEPER
HOLD AND THROW
THEM IN JAIL?



MEANWHILE...

PARKER INDUSTRIES
HEADQUARTERS

THE
CHAMELEON?
A SHAPE-
SHIFTER?

MYSTERIO--?

DEFINITELY
NOT HIM...

HE STUDIED.
HE HAD HELP.
HE'S VERY
SMART.

BUT ALL
OF THE BODY
TELEMETRY--

HACKED.
TROJAN HORSED
DURING THE MYSTERIO
ATTACK. SET TO ALLOW
ACCESS TO SOMEONE
WITH HIS DNA ON
COMMAND.

I'M
SORRY.

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
HE TOOK?

THIS...THIS
WAS SOMEONE
NEW. SOMEONE
GOOD...

CAN I
APOLOGIZE
AGAIN?

PLEASE
DON'T.

SAME
COLOGNE. SAME
WALK. SAME
VOICE--

HE SCRATCHED
THE BACK OF HIS
HEAD LIKE YOU DO
WHEN I SHOW THAT
I'M SMARTER
THAN YOU ARE--

THERE
WILL ALWAYS
BE A PART OF
YOU THAT IS...
UNSATISFIED.

NO MATTER
HOW HARD YOU
FIGHT. NO MATTER
WHAT YOU DO...YOU
WILL ALWAYS SENSE
THAT SOMETHING
IS MISSING FROM
YOUR LIFE.

YOU WILL
NEVER FIND
PEACE.

PETER?



"WE ARE 100% SURE?
LIKE QUEEN-B-SWEATS-
GOLD-ON-COMMAND
SURE?"

"NO ONE TRANSFERS A
HUGE AMOUNT OF CASH
WITHOUT CHECKING
THEIR ACCOUNT.

"WE FOLLOWED THE
MONEY TO THE BANK
TO THE SERVER TO
THE DNS--"

"OKAY, ENOUGH
JIBBER JABBER. YOU
KNOW I DON'T SPEAK
COMPUTERSE.
THANKS, SOLO."

"ARE YOU CERTAIN
YOU DON'T WANT
BACK UP?"

"THANKS, AMIGO, BUT
THIS IS MY TOILET TO
SWIFFER. I'LL PING
YOU WHEN IT'S DONE.
ADIOS-HOLE."

HOW DOES
A GUY HIDE
IN A GLASS
HOUSE...?

SOME
THINGS ARE
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF YOU, EVEN
WHEN YOU CAN'T
SEE THEM.



THAT...THAT
WAS A DIG AT ME,
RIGHT? I DON'T GET
INNUENDO--

YOU KILLED
PETER PARKER,
BECAUSE YOU
THOUGHT HE WAS
A MONSTER.

YESSSS, BUT
IT SHOULD BE
NOTED THAT ALSO
I BROUGHT HIM
BACK TO LIFE!

IN ORDER
TO KILL HIM A
SECOND TIME...
BECAUSE YOU
THOUGHT...?

BECAUSE I
THOUGHT...HELL
MADE A MISTAKE?
GOD, THAT SOUNDS
SO STUPID
OUT LOUD...

BUT THEN
I SAVED HIM
AGAIN. FOR REAL.
TUCKED HIM
IN AND--

SHUT UP,
WADE.



YOU ALL
RIGHT? YOU
SOUND SORT
OF--

ANGRY?

NO...

FURIOUS?

NO...OH, YOU
SOUND LIKE SHIKLAH
WHEN I TRY TO TURN
OFF HER SHONDALAND
SHOWS--THAT'S
AN EVIL VOICE--

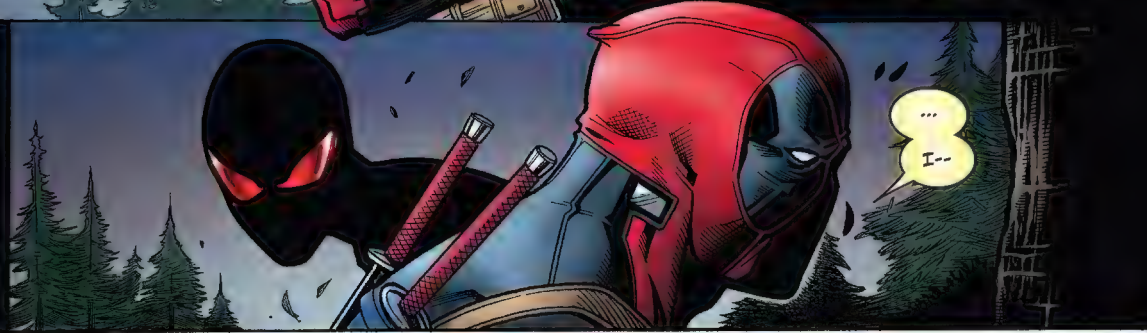
GAH!

I NEED
TO KNOW ONE
THING.

YES, THAT
MADE ME PEE A
LITTLE. WHY CAN'T
I SEE YOU
RIGHT--?

WAS IT ALL
LIES? THE NEW
CHAPTER? WANTING
TO BE MORE LIKE...
LIKE ME...?

WAS IT ALL A
LINE OF GARBAGE
JUST SO YOU COULD
SLOW ME DOWN
TO GET TO...MY
BOSS?



...

I--

SAVED BY
THE OBVIOUS
LURE INTO A
DEATH TRAP.

GLEAM

WEBS--

SAVE
IT.

I AM IN DIRE
NEED OF BEATING
THE LIVING CRAP OUT
OF SOMETHING. THE GUY
WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL
PETER PARKER IS
CANDIDATE NUMBER
ONE.

BUT WE
WILL FINISH
THIS.

I HOPE
IT'S WITH
HUGS.

...

SORRY,
FORCE OF HABIT.
PLEASE GO BACK
TO BEING ALL
WOLVERINE-Y.

SIGH
DID YOU HAVE
A PLAN?



CORTER!?
PLAY SOMETHING...
SWEET...

THANK
YOU.

IT'S
A BIG
DAY, YOU
KNOW...

...IT'S MY
REBIRTHDAY.

DEATH
METAL PLAYLIST
"SOMETHING
SWEET" NOW
PLAYING.





PATIENT
ZERO, I
PRESUME?

THAT'S YOUR
OPENER? REALLY?
WHAT ABOUT "WE'RE
HERE TO KICK GLASS"?
OR "KNOCK KNOCK?
WHO'S THERE? DEATH
FROM ABOVE!" OR
"HEEEEEEEERE'S"...

"HERE'S
JOHNNY" IS
WAY TOO OLD.
EVEN FOR
US.

TOUCHE.



YEAH,
YOU'RE COOL.

MAN-
STROSITIES,
GO MAKE 'EM
BACON.

OH, HELL.
THEY'RE--

HUMAN?

I WAS GONNA
SAY GROSS, BUT
"HUMAN" WORKS...
SO, NO KILLING?

NOT
SURE...

P.S.
"MAN-STROSITY"
IS PRETTY
GOOD.

ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

YOU'RE
SCARING THE
CORN OUT OF
ME.

GOOD.
MAYBE YOU'LL
PAY ATTENTION
FOR A CHANGE.

GROWARRRRR!

AND NO,
WE'RE NOT KILLING
ANYONE...ESPECIALLY
NOT THESE POOR
CREATURES.



THEY'RE STILL--
WHOULFF--

--HUMAN
BEINGS.

DO
TELL...

I RATHER
THOUGHT THAT
ONCE I ALTERED
THEIR GENETICS
THEY CEASED TO
BE HUMAN
AT ALL.

YOU
DON'T GET TO
TALK, DADDY
SCARBUCKS!

IF IT MAKES
YOU FEEL ANY
LESS RIGHTEOUS,
WEBS, *THAT'S* WHAT
I THOUGHT PARKER
WAS DOING TO
PEOPLE.

IS THIS ONE A
KILLING MACHINE OR A
LOLLIPOP DEMOLISHER,
AND BY LOLLIPOP,
I MEAN--

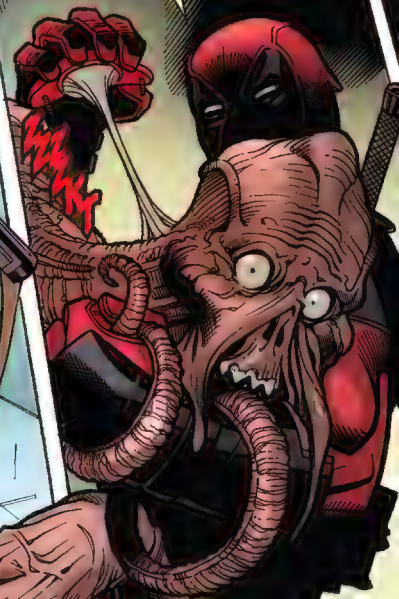
CONTROL
UNITS--

I'M PICKING UP
SIGNALS FROM
THE TECH MOUNTED
ON THEIR NECKS.

HE'S PUMPING
INFO RIGHT INTO
THEIR SPINAL
COLUMNS.

WOW, YOU'RE
SO SMART. SOME
OF THAT PARKER BRAIN
MATTER MUST HAVE
RUBBED OFF
ON YOU.

THEN I SAY
WE ORDER UP
A FISTFUL OF
FREEDOM WITH A
SIDE OF RUBBER
BULLETS TO
THE FACE!





AAAAAAGH!
ISHHH HURTSHHHH!
OH GSSSSD!!!
HELSSSH NEEEEE!

HOLY CINDY
BRADY SELLING
SEASHELLS...

DEAR GOD,
THAT REFERENCE
WAS EVEN OLDER
THAN "HERE'S
JOHNNY"...

S-SPIDER-
M-MMAN...?

P-PLEASE
KILL ME...
PLEASE...

AND THAT'S
THE THING ABOUT
SCIENCE, AM I RIGHT?
YOU CAN GENETICALLY
MODIFY THE HELL OUT
OF SOME HOMELESS
JUNKIE...



...BUT QUALITY
OF LIFE GETS A
LITTLE BLURRY WHEN
YOU TREAT DNA
LIKE A LEGO SET.

CONTROL UNIT,
YES. BUT ALSO, PAIN
DAMPENER, DOPAMINE
BOOSTER, AND MOST
CRITICAL...

...THE FREAKS
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
BEEN DONE TO THEM.
ONCE THEY BECOME
SELF-AWARE...THEY
PRETTY MUCH LOSE
ALL WILL TO LIVE.

EXCEPTIONAL
WORK, GENTS.

SLOW CLAP..
SLOW CLAP..
SLOW CLAP..

SINCE
KILLING IS OFF
THE TABLE, WHAT
ARE YOUR THOUGHTS
ON DE-LEGGING
AND MOUTH-
STAPLING.

I'M OPEN.
IT'S BEEN THAT
KIND OF WEEK.

I'LL SAY.
I BET YOU'RE
BRIMMING WITH
QUESTIONS--

NO. I'M
NOT.

UH...REALLY?
'CAUSE I'M PRETTY
\$#8*^A LOST AND
WOULD LIKE SOME
ANSWERS--

WHEN
PARKER WAS
"OUT OF COMMISSION,"
PATIENT ZERO TOOK
HIS PLACE...

...AND THIS
GUY STOLE EVERY
PIECE OF DATA WE
HAD ON GENETIC
SPLICING.

APPARENTLY
YOUR "EMPLOYER"
ISN'T AS THINK AS
HE SMART HE IS,
WADE. NEEDED A
LEVEL UP.

MYSTERIO
WAS JUST A PAWN,
DISTRACTING US
WHILE HE STAGED
THE "EVIDENCE" THAT
ROPED YOU INTO
KILLING PARKER--
TWICE.

"TWICE"? WOW...
THAT'S SERVICE,
WADE.

I'M NOT
PAYING DOUBLE.
SUE ME.

WE'RE GONNA
DO A LOT WORSE
THAN THAT, MARILYN
MANSON TRIBUTE
BAND REJECT.

OKAY,
DARKER THAN
YOUR USUAL, BUT
DEADPOOL-
LIKE!



THE PLAN WAS
TO POSE AS PARKER
AND TAKE DOWN THE
COMPANY, BUT SOMETHING
SPOOKED HIM AND HE
MADE OFF WITH THE
CROWN JEWEL.

CLOSE--
BUT NOT
QUITE.

THERE'S
ONE THING
THAT YOU HAVEN'T
ASKED YET. MAYBE
YOU'RE AFRAID
TO.

MAYBE
YOU WANT TO
GET YOUR HANDS
AROUND MY
NECK AS YOU
ASK IT...

"WHY...
US?"

OUT OF
ALL OF THE
POWERFUL BEINGS
I COULD HAVE
CHOSEN FROM...

WHY
MANIPULATE
THIS IDIOT...
TO KILL THAT
GENIUS?



THIS HAS BEEN... PERSONAL?

YOU BET YOUR ASS IT IS, WADE.

WHO ARE YOU?

KLOX

NNNNGH!

SCREW THIS PRESCHOOL RUBBER BULLET &^\$--

AMMO IS HOT!

DO NOT LET HIM LEAVE!

KNEECAPS. ANKLES. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

I'M SO TURNED ON RIGHT NOW...

...AND SERIOUSLY TERRIFIED OF YOU.

ROARRR!



THAT'S THE
APPROPRIATE
RESPONSE.

YOUR EQ
IS A LOT HIGHER
THAN YOU GIVE
YOURSELF
CREDIT FOR.

YOU
HEARD THE
BOSS, BURN
VICTIM KEN.

STAY.

I RATHER
DOUBT THAT,
WADE...

I CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE HOW
ADORABLE YOUR
BLOWFELD SPIEL
GETS WHEN YOU'RE
WALKING ON TWO
STUMPS.

DEADPOOL!
GLASS HOUSE!!!

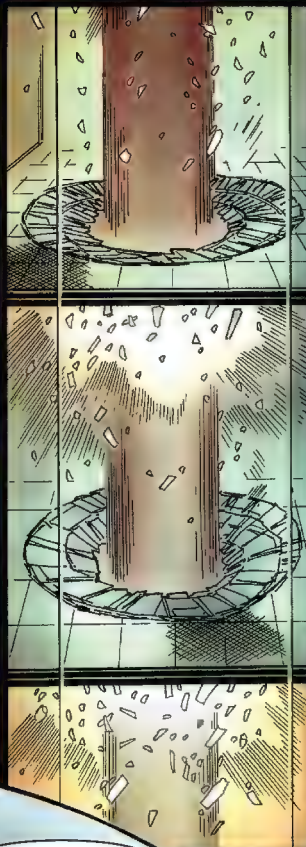
AND--?

AND WE'LL
CONTINUE THIS
WITTY BANTER
DOWNSTAIRS.



MY INTERNAL DICTIONARY DOESN'T CONTAIN THE WORD "CONSEQUENCES." IT'S A MINOR BIRTH DEFECT.

THIS IS NOT NEWS.



I'M FINE!
IT'S JUST MY SPINE!

MAYBE IF YOU LANDED ON YOUR HEAD...

DO YOU KNOW WHY I TOOK THE NAME PATIENT ZERO?

NO, PLEASE BORE ME WITH AN EXPLANATION WHILST DORCPPOOL RELOCATES HIS SPINE.



BECAUSE I WAS INFECTED... NOT BY A DISEASE... BUT BY "MEN."

PETER PARKER AND WADE WILSON. A LIFE TAINTED BY TWO FOOLS.

EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED... AND WILL HAPPEN, WAS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR LONG AGO.

WE'RE CLOSING ALL ACCOUNTS, NOW!

YEAH--OH, HOLD ON, NERVES AREN'T RESEWN YET, SORRY!

OOP! THERE'S THE FEELING IN MY FINGER FINGER! BLAM!!!

AHHHHH...
YOU TWO ARE
A CUTE COUPLE.
PONDER YOUR
PAST SINS...

SEE IF
YOU CAN RUB
TOGETHER ENOUGH
NEURONS TO SPARK
AN IDEA OF WHO
I AM.

LIKE BUILD A
SUPERCONDUCTOR
THAT ATTRACTS THE
SPECIFIC SILICATES
USED IN ARCHITECTURAL
GRADE GLASS?

TOO
MANY WORDS!
TRANSLATE!
BOMB?

THAT'S
STUPID.

STUPID
ENOUGH TO
WORK.

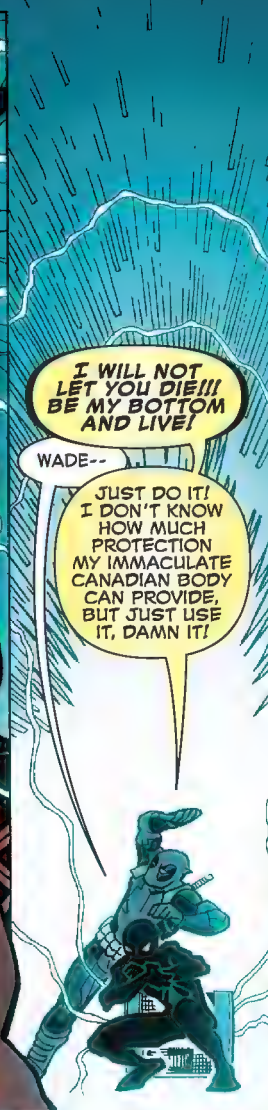
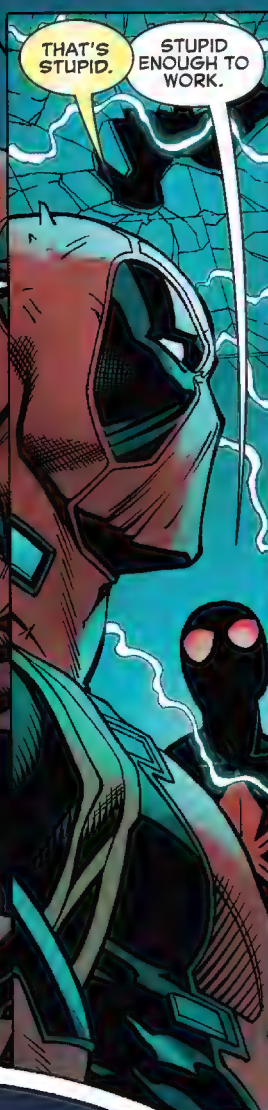
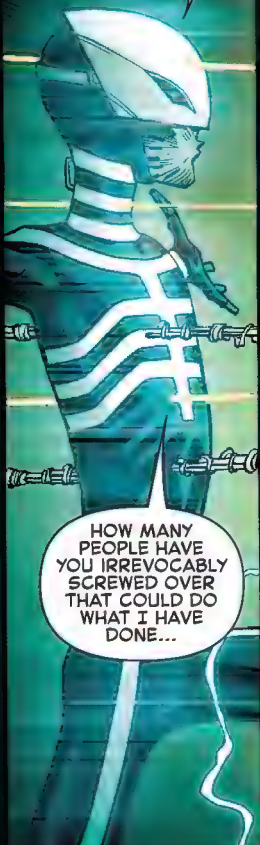
I WILL NOT
LET YOU DIE!!!
BE MY BOTTOM
AND LIVE!

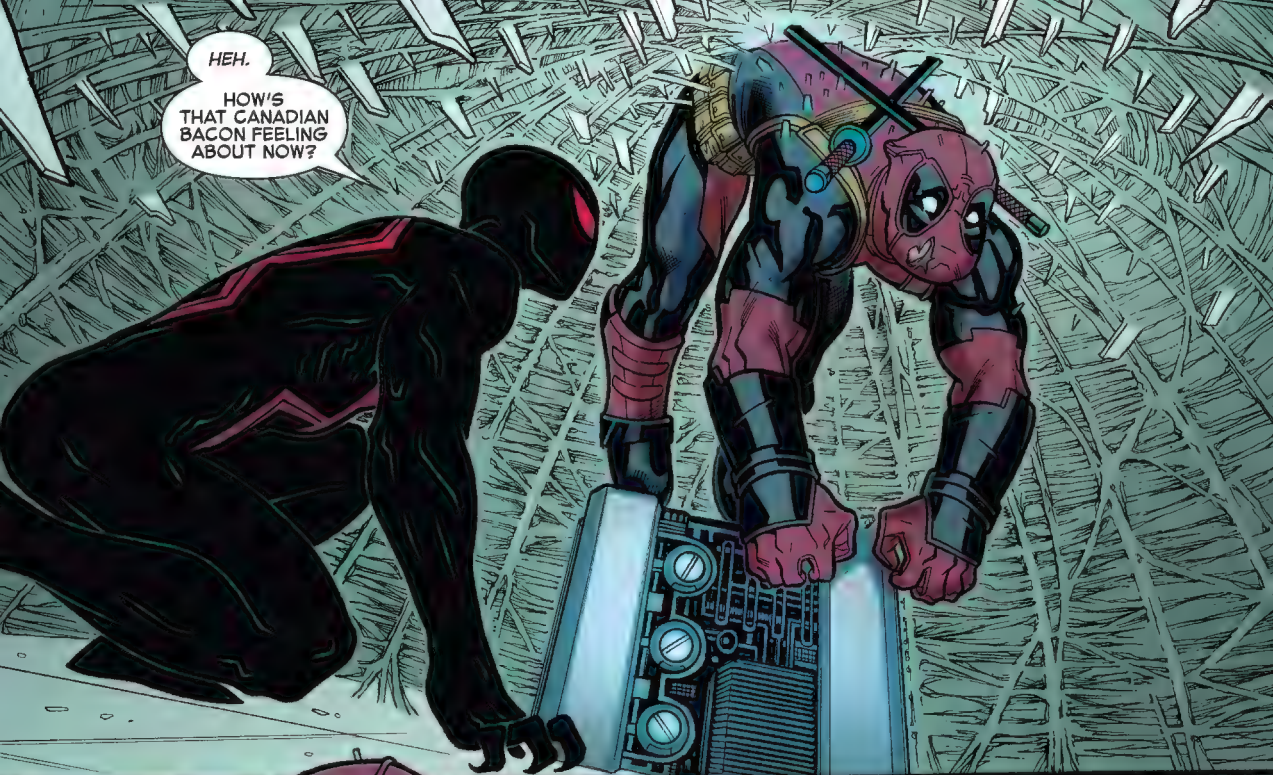
WADE--

JUST DO IT!
I DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH
PROTECTION
MY IMMACULATE
CANADIAN BODY
CAN PROVIDE,
BUT JUST USE
IT, DAMN IT!

NO--GLASS
MAGNET.

SCREW YOU,
GLASS HOUSE--
AEEEEEE!





HEH.
HOW'S
THAT CANADIAN
BACON FEELING
ABOUT NOW?



SO,
YEAH...THIS IS
HILARIOUS.

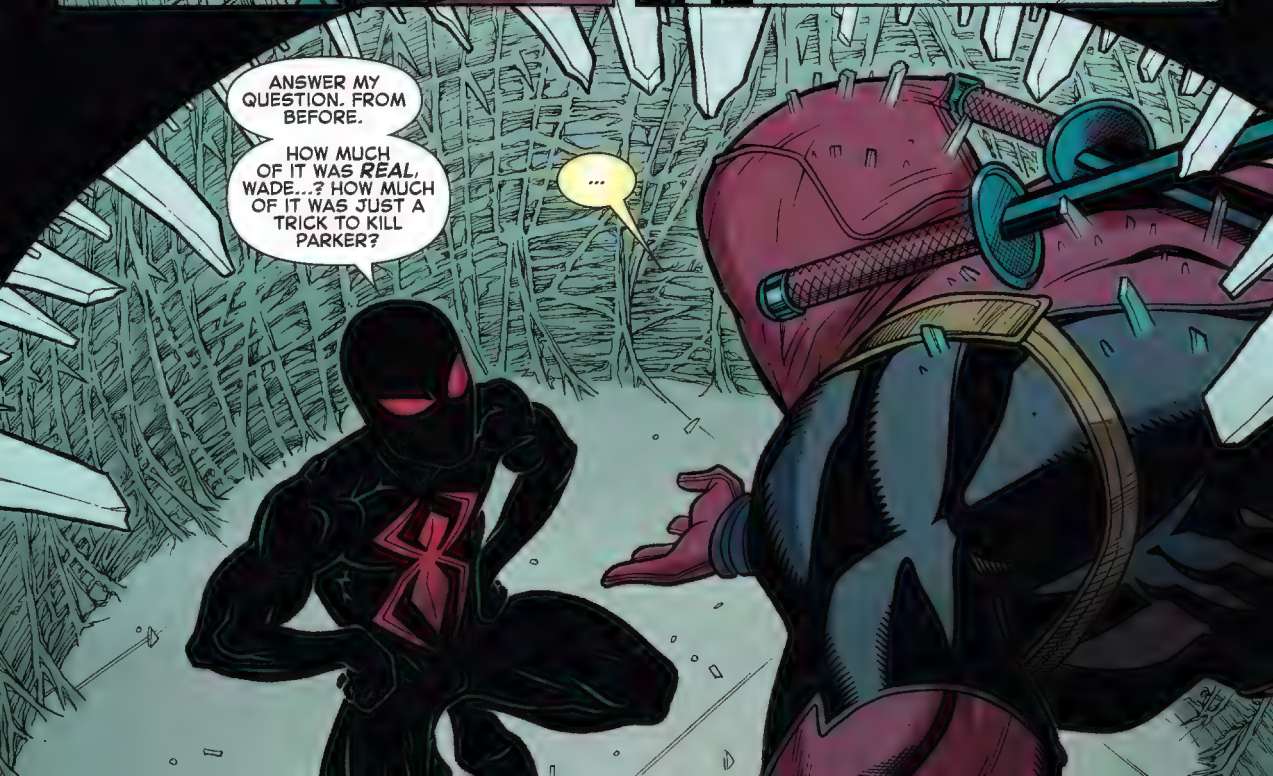
AND WHILE
YOU WERE
USING YOUR
LIGHTNING-FAST
REFLEXES TO
HELP ME
AND ALL...

OUR NEW
OLD STALKER
GOT AWAY.

YEAH...THIS AMOUNT OF WEBBING'LL
TAKE A FEW HOURS TO DISSOLVE, AND
I HAVE TO SEE IF I CAN REWIRE THIS
THING TO REPEL THE WEAPONIZED
GLASS BEFORE THEN...SO
HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT.

YOU'RE
GONNA POOP
GLASS FOR A
LONG TIME.

ARE YOU...
ENJOYING
THIS?



ANSWER MY
QUESTION. FROM
BEFORE.

HOW MUCH
OF IT WAS REAL,
WADE...? HOW MUCH
OF IT WAS JUST A
TRICK TO KILL
PARKER?

...



I MESSED
UP! I ADMITTED
IT!

I **GAKED** YOUR
BOSS BECAUSE I
THOUGHT HE WAS A
BODY-MANGLING SCUMBAG,
BUT WHEN I TOLD YOU I
THOUGHT HE WAS FIFTY
SHADES OF EVIL YOU
DIDN'T WANT TO
HEAR IT!

WHY
DIDN'T YOU
SHOW ME THE
EVIDENCE?

WHY DID YOU
HAVE A SUCCUBUS
MAGIC ME OUT OF MY
SENSES SO YOU COULD
GET PAST PARKER'S
SECURITY?

IF YOU WERE
BEING SUCH A
"HERO," WHY DIDN'T
YOU ASK YOUR NEWEST
FRIEND SLASH MENTOR
FOR HIS ADVICE
BEFORE KILLING
SOMEONE?!



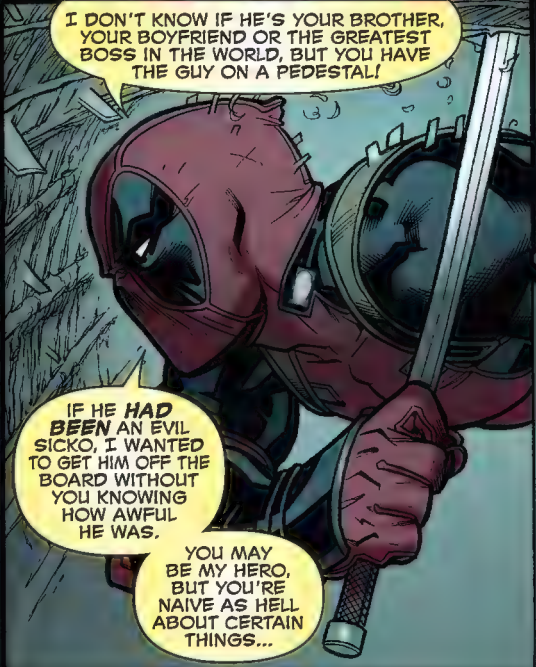
I DIDN'T
TELL YOU
BECAUSE I...

I WAS
TRYING TO
PROTECT
YOU.

YOU
THOUGHT...WE
WERE FRIENDS?

WERE.

...



I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S YOUR BROTHER,
YOUR BOYFRIEND OR THE GREATEST
BOSS IN THE WORLD, BUT YOU HAVE
THE GUY ON A PEDESTAL!

IF HE **HAD**
BEEN AN EVIL
SICKO, I WANTED
TO GET HIM OFF THE
BOARD WITHOUT
YOU KNOWING
HOW AWFUL
HE WAS.

YOU MAY
BE MY HERO,
BUT YOU'RE
NAIVE AS HELL
ABOUT CERTAIN
THINGS...

...AND IT'S
SPECIAL. IT'S
PART OF WHAT
MAKES YOU...
YOU.

I DIDN'T WANT
THAT PART TO DIE
WITH PARKER.





MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT WHO I THOUGHT YOU WERE.

NO, YOU DON'T GET TO GUILT-TRIP ME!

I WAS WRONG AND I FIXED IT AND I APOLOGIZED BUT NOW YOU'RE ROCKING BLACK ARMOR AND CRACKING WISE ABOUT MY DUODENUM GETTING SHRAPNELLED...

...
I BELIEVE YOU.

I DOUBT THAT! FOR ALL YOUR FLEXIBILITY, ONCE YOUR MIND IS MADE UP--

WADE... STOP TALKING. I. BELIEVE. YOU.

I'M TRYING TO CHANGE! I WANT TO BE GOOD!

WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

WHAT? I GOT GLASS IN MY TEETH?

SORRY I'M
LATE...I WAS
HELD UP AT
THE OFFICE.

I TRUST THE
NURSES KEPT YOU
ENTERTAINED?

I WASN'T
SURE WHICH
FLAVOR YOU
WERE INTO, SO
I MADE YOU
ONE OF
EACH.

THANKS
FOR THE EFFORT,
BUT I'M HERE TO
WORK, NOT TO
PLAY.

WHEN I'M
DONE WITH
YOU...THEY'LL
BE ONE AND
THE SAME.

THAT'S A
PROMISE.

BRING IT
ON, BOSS.
I WANNA BE
ALL THEY
CAN BE.

TO BE CONTINUED!



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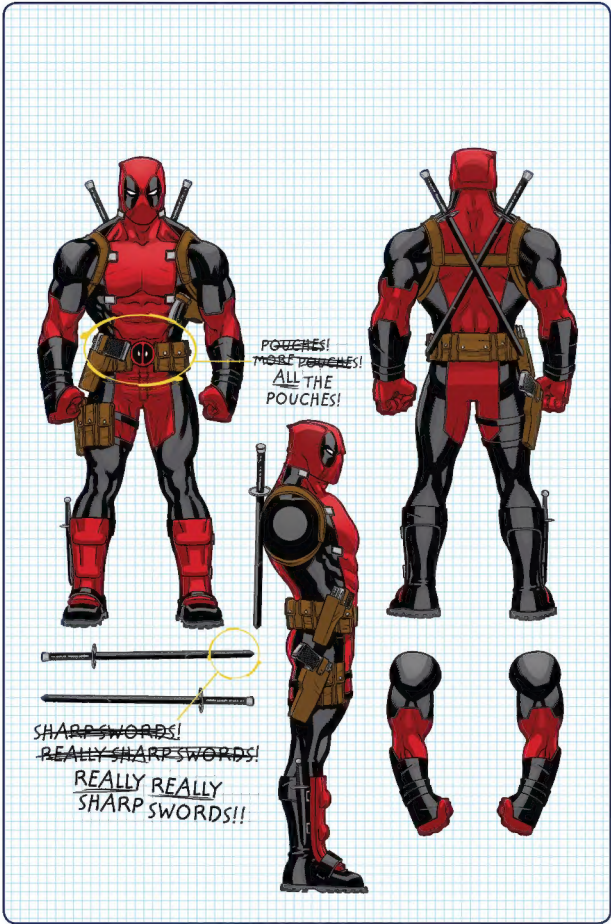


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